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THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

THE *Times* has promised to keep the subject of the London Schools steadily before its readers during the whole of the vacation, and it seems likely to be as good as its word. Constant readers, represented by every letter in the alphabet, are occupied in turning over this subject in every possible way, and the topic is, to use a term of art, being fully ventilated. An ingenious gentleman, signing himself E. GILBERT HIGHTON, comes forward as an old Blue, and does brave battle for London Fog and Newgate Market. "Why," says Mr. HIGHTON, "why break asunder the ties of a venerable locality in order to give some builder a job on the borders of Epping Forest?" This is a novel way of putting it; but, as no one has yet expressed a wish to give a builder a job either in Epping Forest or anywhere else, we must leave Mr. HIGHTON to expound his own enigma. If this had been all that Mr. HIGHTON had put forward, we might have been content to leave him here; but he goes on, with unexampled courage, to assert that the site of Christ's Hospital is so healthy that the boys are in a better sanitary condition than in any other school. To any one who is acquainted with the real facts of the case it is amazing that a man will hazard such a statement. Free from disease the Christ's Hospital lads may be, but strong and healthy they are not; they are too heavily clothed, too lightly fed, and too much exposed to the London air, to be that. In introducing himself to the reader, Mr. HIGHTON describes himself as "A Christ's Hospital Boy in my early days, then an alumnus of an ancient grammar-school in the country, afterwards a son of Alma Mater, and finally a resident householder in London and a member of one of the Inns of Court." In this account of himself he unconsciously supplies the best argument against his own view of the case. The average time spent at the school by a boy who does not become a Grecian is seven years; and yet Mr. HIGHTON, who may be supposed to be a person of fair abilities, left the school in a state unfitted for the University, and had to complete his education at "an ancient grammar-school in the country" before he could put himself under the care of Alma Mater. He does not tell us whether his body benefited more by the sojourn in Newgate-street or at the ancient grammar-school; but it is certain where his mind was the greater gainer.

Another, and not the least striking, of Mr. HIGHTON's arguments is, that a boy "will learn more" by being brought up in town than in the country. More of what? Of sin and wickedness, perhaps; of vice in its most degraded forms; but not of manly sport, not of that truth and beauty of nature which can only be learnt in the fresh, free atmosphere of our English fields. If Mr. HIGHTON would like to have this point more fully elucidated, let him bid him to the old place in Newgate-street, and inform himself of the difficulties with which the school authorities have had to contend in keeping the elder boys from the ripest and most advanced forms of vice. Let him trace the careers of but too many of those who, having earned distinction at the school, have obtained the valuable privilege of remaining in the precincts of Newgate-street until they were grown men and fit to go to college. Mr. HIGHTON left the school before he got into the higher classes of it, or he never would have referred to what lads may learn by being bred amid the roar of this great metropolis. We understand that the Christ's Hospital authorities have determined to take no notice of this controversy. Let them write what they please, they say; it will blow over. These GALLIOS of the City have about as much intention of moving as Admiral Lord NELSON, K.C.B., on the top of the column in Trafalgar-square, has. That is no reason, however, why we should not go on ventilating the question. By-and-by one of them

may awake to the truth that green fields are better both for the growing body and the growing mind than a smoky atmosphere and narrow streets.

It is difficult to regard the deep degradation into which the veteran author upon whose delinquencies a Bristol jury has lately been called upon to pronounce has fallen, with any other feelings than of humiliation at the weakness of poor human nature. We are not about to follow the example of the *Times* and preach a moral homily over the prostrate body of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, nor is it our intention to excuse the unaccountably base conduct of which he has been guilty. All that we would do is to point out the utter absence of motive in the whole business, and to suggest whether it is not the more correct and charitable conclusion to suppose that the poor old man, for a time at least, took leave of his senses. For some years past Mr. LANDOR has given the world good reason to suspect the perfect sanity of his judgment. His public offer of a reward to any one who would assassinate a tyrant, his extravagantly fulsome eulogy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, his warm-hearted but mistaken outburst about Kossuth—all these may be referred to as incidents calculated to encourage a very grave suspicion as to his perfect accountability for his actions. It is a mistake to suppose that the vigour of the compositions brought into court proved a healthy condition of the intellect. They bore the impress of a powerful brain, it is true, but not of one in a healthy condition. Certainly no affinity can be traced between them and the "Imaginary Conservations," or even that later work, "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree." Would that this latter name had been a truth! for the tree has now borne but wild grapes.

So far as the duty of the jury was concerned, it was a very plain one, and they had no choice but to fulfil it. The falseness of the libels was proved, and Mr. LANDOR's connection with them plainly established. The offender had, in a manner, admitted his guilt by leaving the country after disposing of all his available property. His lot is a sad one; for, though his punishment is heavy, no one can gainsay that he richly deserves it: and even in the court of justice there was no one to speak well of him—not even the counsel whom he had hired, and who was fain to cover up the threadbare condition of his case behind a feeble eulogy on the curtailed privileges of the bar.

And this is the end of fourscore and four years spent in honour—of a youth passed amid such advantages as fall to the lot of few—of a manhood and old age which may indeed have been characterised by eccentricity, but on which no sully or blot has ever rested. Surely here is a lesson to make us think very humbly of ourselves! Surely, too, it is but just to consider that these errors are due to the weakness of age:

Cum corpore mentem
Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere.

A VALUABLE letter, signed by Mr. JOHN WATTS, of Whalley Range, Manchester, and addressed to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, triumphantly refutes the extraordinary statement which the Commissioners of Inland Revenue hazarded in their last report, to the effect that the Paper Duty does not restrict the manufacture or repress the manufacturer. We should have thought it obvious to all, as a broad proposition, that no duty can be imposed upon a manufacture which does not act as a restriction. But the revenue must be raised somehow or other; and the only question to be decided is, whether the particular manufacture selected for restriction is one that can be treated so without injury to the people. Mr. WATTS points out that, according to the present rates, straw used for the manufacture of paper is taxed 600 per cent., and coloured rags 300 per cent. Suppose cotton were to be taxed in this manner, what would become of our boasted cotton trade? According to this gentleman, the paper trade has decreased from 30 to 40 per cent. within the last twenty years; and no wonder, when we find a large portion of the business going to Prussia. In the course of his letter Mr. WATTS gives some very interesting facts, illustrating the operation of the Paper Duty upon literature:

Paper as it comes from the rollers is just in a fit state to print, and the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News* proposed some time ago to take advantage of this circumstance, and to use the same steam-power for printing books, and he would even have been willing to pay the tax upon the ink used; but the Board refused the concession. But the great case

for the repeal of the paper duty is the educational one. The tax on the "Irish Schools lesson books" is 12½ per cent. on the cost; "but," says Charles Knight, "the tax is doubled by the paper-maker." Now, if we assume that the paper-maker and the publisher double it between them, we are then justified in saying that, for every hundred lesson books which would be printed, the Government comes in and restricts the issue to seventy-five, thus keeping twenty-five children without instruction for every seventy-five taught. And in newspapers a great effort is at present making to universalise intelligence by means of penny papers. One of these, I am told, circulates 50,000 copies per day, and the Government taxes their raw material 600 per cent., amounting to a fine of 504 per day for giving knowledge to the people.

This is really nothing but the sober truth, and Mr. WATTS might have added that it needs nothing but the removal of the paper duty to render the success of the penny press complete. As for the penny press itself, we need hardly say that it has stultified all the prophecies of those who saw a coming revolution in the removal of the stamp; that none of those "scurrilous prints," which were so confidently anticipated, have as yet made their appearance; and that such papers as the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Star*, and many of the provincial papers, will bear comparison, in every point of honest and able journalism, with any of their more expensive but not more respectable neighbours.

From the "Monthly List of New Books" issued by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., we learn that they are about to issue, in September, a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. GASKELL'S "Life of Charlotte Bronte," in which, we have no doubt, many of those passages which have unintentionally given pain will be modified, if not entirely expunged. The same list also mentions a work on "Gunnery in 1858," by Mr. WILLIAM GREENER, the celebrated Birmingham manufacturer, who has made for himself a name as regards both the theory and the practice of gunnery, and who has satisfactorily proved that *Brummagem* is not necessarily synonymous with *Rubbish*. There is a volume of lectures on social subjects by the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; "Phantastes: a Faerie Romance for Men and Women," by GEORGE MACDONALD; three new novels, namely, "Eva Desmond, or Mutation," by an anonymous author; "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," by HOLME LEE; and "Lost and Won," by Miss CRAIK. Then there is to be a second edition of Mr. RUSKIN'S "Stones of Venice." Young people will be glad to hear of two new stories by the author of "Round the Fire," and of a volume of "Rhymes for Little Ones" by the author of "The Servant's Home." To the cheap series of standard fictions will be added reprints of TALBOT GWYNNE'S "School for Fathers," "Paul Ferroll," and Miss MARTINEAU'S "Deerbrook." Second editions of Mr. EDWARDS'S "Personal Adventures," Mr. COOPER'S "Crisis," DOSABHOY FRAMJEE'S "History of the Parsees," Colonel BOURCHIER'S "Eight Months' Campaign," and the Rev. J. E. W. ROTTON'S "Narrative," prove the interest with which everything from India is yet regarded. Finally, a new and revised edition of the "Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction" is announced as preparing for publication; a volume to be issued monthly, and the work to be completed in twelve numbers.

A number of gentlemen, whose names are well known in the scientific world, have addressed the following letter to the Registrar-General:

Sir,—We regret to learn from your circular of the 31st ultimo, that, owing to a Treasury Minute relating to the printing of departmental reports and papers, you are deprived of the pleasure of continuing to circulate, as heretofore, copies of your annual, quarterly, and weekly reports. We beg most respectfully to submit to your notice the following facts, namely, that for some years we have cheerfully contributed meteorological observations, which, under the able supervision and arrangement of Mr. Glashier, have appeared in your quarterly returns and annual reports. These observations have been taken by means of expensive instruments, and the correctness and value of the observations have been considerably enhanced by the comparison of most of the instruments in use with standard instruments by Mr. Glashier. The labour required to take and to record the daily observations, and to work out the monthly results, is considerable, and so considerable, that for this purpose many of the observers are compelled to employ trustworthy assistants. In fact, some of us have incurred an annual expenditure varying from 10*l.* to 20*l.* solely in the preparation

of the meteorological sheets for the quarterly returns. Under these circumstances, we venture to think that the contributors to the meteorological part of your reports have well earned the copies which have hitherto been gratuitously forwarded to them; and, moreover, that the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury had no intention of depriving them of those reports in the future. We attach a special value to the several reports which are issued from your office, inasmuch as in them we see, from time to time, the practical application of meteorological science to the progress of sickness and mortality. We shall, therefore, esteem it a favour if you will give such an explanation of our position to the Lords Commissioners as will induce their Lordships to rescind the Treasury minute in our favour, as far as the reports from your office are concerned.

No reply to this has as yet been received.

We are glad to perceive that our hint as to keeping the centenary anniversary of BURNS's birth has not been thrown away. The *Dumfries Standard* has taken it up, and urges its readers to do something which might be taken as an initiative in the matter. Certainly the men of Dumfries are as much interested in this business as any

body else; for it was in that town that BURNS settled down as an exciseman, and it was there that he composed some of his most touching songs. As a good idea may be spoiled by bad handling, we advise the good people of Dumfries to be very careful how they proceed. If they really wish to adopt this idea and carry it to a successful issue, they should put themselves into communication with men in the position of Lord MACAULAY, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Professor ATTOUN, and Mr. CARLYLE, and request them to become members of a committee for organising the business. A programme should then be prepared and a subscription list opened to defray the expenses; and we are convinced that if this were judiciously done, everything might be done on this side Christmas necessary to celebrate the anniversary in a proper manner.

ALTHOUGH we had plenty of books about the Siege of Sebastopol from private hands, no authorised account of it was prepared on behalf of our Government. The French Government authorised and published the work of M. de BAZANCOURT, and a very excellent work it was, in spite of a

little natural partiality. We understand that even the Russians intend to have an authorised narrative of the siege, and that the proof sheets of it are even now passing through the press. The author of this work, which will be a very voluminous one, is Prince OUTUMPSKI, who was aide-de-camp to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, and commanded at the Malakoff during the latter part of the siege. This young officer is now aide to Prince BOUDIKOFF, military commander-in-chief in Southern Russia and the Crimea, and he has been honoured by the special commands of the EMPEROR himself to write the book. In obedience to the imperial will, it will contain the minutest details connected with the siege, and the name of every private Russian soldier who died at Sebastopol will be faithfully recorded. An accurate trigonometrical survey of the town and neighbourhood has lately been made by the Russian engineers, and the plans so obtained are to be used for the maps of Prince OUTUMPSKI's work. Altogether it will be the most complete account of the siege extant, although some of the statements affecting the prestige of the Russian arms will naturally be such as to necessitate the admixture of a very large dose of salt.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government in the years 1849-1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L., Vols. IV. and V. London: Longmans.

(Continued from page 493.)

DR. BARTH's position at Timbúktu was at one time particularly dangerous, the religious fanaticism of some of the chiefs being thoroughly roused, and even his friend El Bakáy found it no easy matter to protect him. A firm and temperate demeanour, and the exercise of those powers of conciliation which Dr. Barth appears to possess in no ordinary degree, eventually brought about a better state of things, and his stay at Timbúktu seems not to have been destitute of enjoyment, and the close of the year 1853 left him still sojourning there.

The course of my material existence went on very uniformly, with only slight variations. My daily food, when I was in the town, consisted of some milk and bread in the morning, a little kuskus, which the Sheikh used to send, about two in the afternoon, and a dish of negro millet, containing a little meat, or seasoned with the sauce of the kobéwa, or *Cucurbita Melopepo*, after sunset. The meat of Timbúktu, at least during the cold season, agreed with me infinitely better than that of any other part of Negroland; but this was not the case with the *Melopepo*, although it is an excellent and palatable vegetable. In the beginning of my stay I had consumed a great many young pigeons, which form a favourite dainty in this city. They are sold at the almost incredibly cheap rate of ten shells each, or at the rate of three hundred for a dollar; but the poor little things were used for culinary purposes so soon after breaking the shell as to be almost tasteless. A very rare dainty was formed by an ostrich egg, which was one day brought to me. This article is more easily to be obtained in the desert than in the towns, and such strong food, moreover, is not well adapted to the stomach of a resident. The Sheikh used also to send me a dish late at night, sometimes long after midnight; but, on account of the late hour, I never touched it, and left it to my servants.

From a chapter on the commercial relations of Timbúktu, we learn that very little manufacturing is carried on there, and that the old impression that there was a great deal of weaving there is altogether erroneous. There is, however, a small trade in leather work, and among the exports may be named gold, salt, and gúro nuts. Articles of European manufacture, such as calico, red cloth, tobacco, cutlery, and looking glasses, are brought to the Timbúktu market, chiefly by way of Morocco. Dr. Barth does not, however, appear to anticipate any very great advantages to European trade from Timbúktu.

The difficulties which a place like Timbúktu presents to a free commercial intercourse with Europeans are very great. For while the remarkable situation of the town, at the edge of the desert and on the border of various races, in the present degenerated condition of the native kingdoms makes a strong government very difficult, nay almost impossible, its distance from either the west coast or the mouth of the Niger is very considerable. But, on the other hand, the great importance of its situation at the northern curve or

elbow of that majestic river, which, in an immense sweep, encompasses the whole southern half of North-Central Africa, including countries densely populated, and of the greatest productive capabilities, renders it most desirable to open it to European commerce, while the river itself affords immense facilities for such a purpose. For, although the town is nearer to the French settlements in Algeria on the one side, and those on the Senegal on the other, yet it is separated from the former by a tract of frightful desert, while between it and the Senegal lies an elevated tract of country; nay, along the nearest road, a mountain chain extends of tolerable height. Further, we have here a family which, long before the French commenced their conquest of Algeria, exhibited their friendly feelings toward the English in an unquestionable manner, and at the present moment the most distinguished member of this family is most anxious to open free intercourse with the English. Even in the event of the greatest success of the French policy in Africa, they will never effect the conquest of this region. On the other hand, if a liberal government were secured to Timbúktu, by establishing a ruler independent of the Fúlbe of Hamda-Alláhi, who are strongly opposed to all intercourse with Europeans, whether French or English, an immense field might be opened to European commerce, and thus the whole of this part of the world might again be subjected to a wholesome organisation.

It was not before the 19th of April that Dr. Barth was enabled to set out on his journey back, which he did accompanied by his friend, the Sheikh El Bakáy. This, after all, proved to be but a false start; for, owing to difficulties which they encountered on the road, the party was obliged to return nearly to Timbúktu, and the real start was not effected until the 17th of May, when the party set out on its journey eastward, along the banks of the Niger.

Of the numerous adventures which happened during this eventful journey we can do no more than take a very cursory notice. With but few exceptions, Dr. Barth found the native tribes disposed to be very friendly with him; and if the men were won over by presents of knives and burnuses, the ladies appear to have been not less amiable. Here, for example, is a very vivid sketch of fashionable life in the interior of Africa:

Besides several respectable men of this tribe, I received a visit also from Nássaru, a daughter of one of their chiefs named Khozématen. She was one of the finest women that I saw in this country. Her decent apparel contributed not a little to increase her beauty, for over her under-gown she wore an upper garment of red and black silk, in alternate stripes, which she occasionally drew over her head. Her features were remarkable for their soft expression and regularity, but her person rather inclined to corpulence, which is highly esteemed by the Tawárek. Seeing that I took an interest in her, she, half-jokingly, proposed that I should marry her; and I declared myself ready to take her with me if one of my rather weak camels should be found able to support her weight. As a mark of distinction I presented her with a looking-glass, which I was always accustomed to give to the most handsome woman in an encampment, the rest receiving nothing but needles. She returned the next day with some of her relations, who were equally distinguished by their comeliness, and

who were anxious to obtain a glimpse of me, not less than of the Sheikh El Bakáy. The noble Tawárek ladies furnished a remarkable example of the extreme liberty which the females belonging to this tribe enjoy; and I was greatly astonished to see the pipe pass continually from their mouths to those of the men, and from the latter back again into the mouths of the women. In other respects, I can only hope that they surpass the female portion of the population of Tadmékka, of whose virtue El Bekri speaks in rather doubtful terms.

In the course of his travels along the banks of the Niger Dr. Barth met with a tradition that one of the Pharaohs from Egypt once visited that country, and he seems inclined to favour the statement. "If," argues he, "it had no foundation whatever, it would certainly attach to the capital of the nation itself, and not to a place which possesses no great historical importance. But, on the other hand, it is highly interesting to observe, that this is the spot where the great river, which here makes a bend from a westerly into a southerly direction, is nearest to Egypt. Let it be further taken into account, that the inhabitants of the oasis of Ajúla, which lies on the great commercial road from Egypt to these regions, were the first who opened this western part of Negroland to the intercourse of the Arabs.

On the 20th of June the party reached Gógó, once the capital of the ancient and mighty empire of Songhay. Political changes have, however, robbed this place of all its greatness, and little of Gógó now attracts the admiration of the traveller but the mosque, which still remains.

According to all appearance, the mosque consisted originally of a low building, flanked on the east and west side by a large tower, the whole courtyard being surrounded by a wall about eight feet in height. The eastern tower is in ruins, but the western one is still tolerably well preserved, though its proportions are extremely heavy. It rises in seven terraces, which gradually decrease in diameter, so that, while the lowest measures from forty to fifty feet on each side, the highest does not appear to exceed fifteen. The inhabitants still offer their prayers in this sacred place, where their great conqueror, Háj Mohammed, is interred, although they have not sufficient energy to repair the whole. The east quarter of the mosque evidently was formerly the most frequented and best inhabited part of the town, and is entirely girded with a thick grove of siwák bushes, which covers all the uninhabited part of the former city. The town, in its most flourishing period, seems to have had a circumference of about six miles. According to the statement of Leo, it appears never to have been surrounded by a wall. The dwellings in general do not seem to have been distinguished by their style of architecture, with the exception of the residence of the king, although even that was of such a description that the Bashá Jódar, on conquering the town, wrote to inform his master, Múláý e' Dhéhebi, that the house of the Sheikh el Harám, in Morocco, was much better than the palace of the Askia.

On the 29th of July they reached the town of Say, which, it will be remembered, was the point at which Dr. Barth crossed the Niger on his journey to Timbúktu in the year before. Here he rested three days, and then started onwards

for Sokoto, which was reached on the 25th of August, to the great satisfaction of Dr. Barth.

The whole town, suburbs, wall, cottages, and gardens, were now enveloped in one dense mass of vegetation, through which it was difficult to make one's way, and recognise places well known from former visits. Scarcely had I been quartered in a comfortable hut, when my friend 'Abd el Kader Dan-Taffa, sent his compliments to me, and shortly after made his appearance himself, expressing the liveliest satisfaction at seeing me again, and sincere compassion for the reduced state of my health. Not less encouraging was the reception I met with from my old friend Moudibo 'Alf. When I made him a small present, regretting that after the long time I had been without supplies I was not able to make him a better one, he was so kind as to express his astonishment that I had anything left at all.

From hence he went on to Wurno, and on the 17th of October once more entered the capital of Kano, which he had visited before he set out for Timbuktú. Having rested here for a few days, he pushed on, and at Bundi he experienced a most agreeable surprise from meeting with the German traveller Mr. Vogel in an unexpected manner.

Having rejoined my camels, I set out, without delay, through the forest, taking the lead with my head servant; but I had scarcely proceeded three miles when I saw advancing towards me a person of strange aspect—a young man of very fair complexion, dressed in a robe like the one I wore myself, and with a white turban wound thickly round his head. He was accompanied by two or three blacks, likewise on horseback. One of them I recognised as my servant M'adi, whom on setting out from Kikawa I had left in the house as a guardian. As soon as he saw me, he told the young man that I was 'Abd el Kerim, in consequence of which Mr. Vogel (for he it was) rushed forward, and, taken by surprise as both of us were, we gave each other a hearty reception from horseback. As for myself, I had not had the remotest idea of meeting him; and he, on his part, had only a short time before received the intelligence of my safe return from the west. Not having the slightest notion that I was alive, and judging from its Arab address that the letter which I forwarded to him from Kanó was a letter from some Arab, he had put it by without opening it, waiting till he might meet with a person who should be able to read it. In the midst of this inhospitable forest, we dismounted and sat down together on the ground; and my camels having arrived, I took out my small bag of provisions, and had some coffee boiled, so that we were quite at home. . . . While we were thus conversing together, the other members of the caravan in whose company Mr. Vogel was travelling arrived, and expressed their astonishment and surprise at my sitting quietly here in the midst of the forest, talking with my friend, while the whole district was infested by hostile men. But these Arab traders are great cowards; and I learned from my countryman that he had found a great number of these merchants assembled in Borzari, and afraid of a few robbers who infested the road beyond that place, and it was only after he had joined them with his companions that they had decided upon advancing. After about two hours' conversation, we had to separate; and while Mr. Vogel pursued his journey to Zinder (whence he promised to join me before the end of the month), I hastened to overtake my people, whom I had ordered to wait for me in Kálemri.

Shortly afterwards they met again at Kukawa, when the two travellers enjoyed the rare and to us almost unappreciable pleasure of enjoying a little European society in each other's company. On the 20th of January 1855 they parted company, Mr. Vogel setting out on the journey which he had then only just commenced, and which was destined to end so fatally for him. From the account which Dr. Barth gives of this enterprising young traveller, it is evident that he did not very highly estimate his powers of accomplishing the task which he had imposed upon himself.

There were two subjects which caused me some degree of anxiety with regard to the prospects of this enterprising young traveller—the first being his want of experience, which could not be otherwise expected in a young man fresh from Europe; and the other, the weakness of his stomach, which made it impossible for him to eat any meat at all. The very sight of a dish of meat made him sick. I observed that Macguire was affected in the same manner.

Dr. Barth did not resume his journey until the 10th of May. By the 13th of July he was once more in Murzuk, and once more within reach of European civilisation. Having rested here for a short time, he resumed his march, and a month afterwards his eyes were once more greeted by the sight of the Mediterranean Sea.

I set out the following morning on my last march on the African soil, in order to enter the town of Tripoli; and although the impression made upon my mind by the rich vegetation of the gardens which

surround the town, after the long journey through the desert waste, was very great, yet infinitely greater was the effect produced upon me by the wide expanse of the sea, which in the bright sunshine of this intermediate zone spread out with a tint of the darkest blue. I felt so grateful to Providence for having again reached in safety the border of this Mediterranean basin, the cradle of European civilisation, which from an early period had formed the object of my earnest longings and most serious course of studies, that I would fain have alighted from my horse on the sea beach, to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, who, with the most conspicuous mercy, had led me through the many dangers which surrounded my path, both from fanatical men and an unhealthy climate.

After staying four days in Tripoli, Dr. Barth embarked in a Turkish steamer for Malta, whence he started for England, and reached London on the 6th of September, where, he tells us, he was "most kindly received by Lord Palmerston, as well as by Lord Clarendon, who took the greatest interest in the remarkable success which had accompanied my proceedings."

In taking leave of Dr. Barth and his admirable volume, we cannot do better than quote his own modest summing up of the results of his labours:—

Thus I closed my long and exhausting career as an African explorer, of which these volumes endeavour to incorporate the results. Having previously gained a good deal of experience of African travelling during an extensive journey through Barbary, I had embarked on this undertaking as a volunteer, under the most unfavourable circumstances for myself. The scale and the means of the mission seemed to be extremely limited; and it was only in consequence of the success which accompanied our proceedings, that a wider extent was given to the range and objects of the expedition; and after its original leader had succumbed in his arduous task, instead of giving way to despair, I had continued in my career amid great embarrassment, carrying on the exploration of extensive regions almost without any means. And when the leadership of the mission, in consequence of the confidence of her Majesty's Government, was intrusted to me, and I had been deprived of the only European companion who remained with me, I resolved upon undertaking, with a very limited supply of means, a journey to the far west, in order to endeavour to reach Timbuktú, and to explore that part of the Niger which, through the untimely fate of Mungo Park, had remained unknown to the scientific world. In this enterprise I succeeded to my utmost expectation, and not only made known the whole of that vast region, which even to the Arab merchants in general had remained more unknown than any other part of Africa, but I succeeded also in establishing friendly relations with all the most powerful chiefs along the river up to that mysterious city itself. The whole of this was achieved, including the payment of the debts left by the former expedition, and 200*l.* which I contributed myself, with the sum of about 1600*l.* No doubt, even in the track which I myself pursued I have left a good deal for my successors in this career to improve upon; but I have the satisfaction to feel that I have opened to the view of the scientific public of Europe a most extensive tract of the secluded African world, and not only made it tolerably known, but rendered the opening of a regular intercourse between Europeans and those regions possible.

It may perhaps seem invidious to suggest anything like a comparison between the two works; yet we cannot avoid saying that Dr. Barth's is more valuable than Dr. Livingstone's in proportion as it is fuller. Regularity and minuteness in booking up the transactions of the day are as necessary to a traveller in the cause of science as they are to a commercial traveller. That man would make a very unreliable *commis-voyageur* who depended upon his memory to retain his transactions of each separate day, and only made up his books at convenient halting-places, and when so disposed. Now this is precisely what Dr. Livingstone appears to have done. Dr. Barth, on the contrary, seems never to have omitted the important duty of making up his journal before resting from the fatigues of the day. The consequence is, that where Dr. Livingstone occasionally gives only a bird's-eye view of his adventures, we are able to follow Dr. Barth step by step, and to learn the precise date and even hour of the day at which everything happened to him. In pointing out this, we do not seek for a moment to detract from the merit of Dr. Livingstone's admirable work. All we wish is to impress upon travellers the benefits of a little business-like regularity.

So far as type, paper, and the general execution of the book is concerned, the publishers have done their duty by it. The chromo-lithographs are very well done. It is indeed a noble book in every sense of the term.

Supplementary Dispatches and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G. India, 1797-1805. Edited by his son the Duke of Wellington. Vols. I-II. London: John Murray. 1858.

The publication of the first edition of Colonel Gurwood's "Wellington Dispatches" was completed in 1839, and that of the second edition in 1847. In the interval between the appearance of the first and second edition occurred the death of the Marquis of Wellesley. The first Lord Cowley died in 1847. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many papers of the late Duke in the possession of the two brothers who were associated with him during his early Indian career, should not have been published in either of the editions of the "Wellington Dispatches." In his father's archives the present Duke of Wellington has also discovered a number of unpublished documents, besides those furnished him by the executors of the late Marquis Wellesley and the late Lord Cowley. The Indian mutinies have given a natural stimulus to further publication. It was rather a happy idea to collect into one series of volumes, at the present crisis, the whole of the late Duke of Wellington's Indian dispatches and memoranda, recovered from various sources, along with the comparatively few that had been already printed in Colonel Gurwood's well-known work.

The Duke of Wellington's military career in India was pretty closely contemporaneous and coincident with the brilliant Governor-Generalship of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley. Both included the final war with Tippoo Sahib, closing gloriously and victoriously for the British arms in the storm of Seringapatam, and the complete overthrow and subjugation of the Mahrattas, consummated in the battle of Assaye, fought, on the part of the British, by the late Duke of Wellington, then mere General Wellesley. But the Duke's share in the two wars was by no means the same. In the first he was a mere subordinate; in the second, he was a leader. It is the name of Baird that is as indissolubly connected with the storm of Seringapatam as is the name of Wellesley with the victory of Assaye, which, by the way, nominally replaced at the head of the Mahratta confederacy the Peishwa, Bajee Rao—the adoptive father of the infamous Nana Sahib. The present volumes comprise the period of the Duke of Wellington's earlier and less famous Indian career, from 1797 to 1802, when the closing struggle with the Mahrattas had not yet begun. They must yield in interest, therefore, to those which are yet to follow. Nevertheless, their interest, historical and biographical, is considerable. It is the British India, civil and military, of fifty, and more than fifty years ago, that is here displayed to us in the frank, off-hand letters, public and private, of a contemporary actor and spectator not only of eminence, but of unimpeachable veracity. More important still is the light which they throw on the character of the great commander who, on the plains of Hindostan, served his apprenticeship to the bloody but glorious art in which he foiled the great Napoleon, and preserved Europe from the curse of a universal monarchy.

The Duke was a young officer of twenty-eight when he landed at Fort St. George. A year later the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, arrived at Calcutta as Governor-General. Whether their brother, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, who figures in this correspondence as high in office in Calcutta, came with the new Governor-General, we are not informed, although the noble Editor's notes (brief and comparatively innumerable) are usually complete and satisfactory. One of the first things that strikes even a careless reader of these dispatches is, the cautious and pacific temper of the young professional soldier and military adventurer, whose cry, especially with a brother for Governor-General, might have been expected to have been always for war. When Calcutta was trembling, as Calcutta trembled forty years later, at the apprehension of an Afghan invasion of Hindostan, Colonel Wellesley in 1798 pooh-poohed the bugbear of Zemaun Shah, as the Duke of Wellington might in 1838 have laughed at the fears of Sir John Cam Hobhouse and Lord Auckland with respect to Dost Mahomed. The two Indian wars in which he distinguished himself, those against Tippoo Sahib and the Mahrattas, were both deprecated by the Duke of Wellington, although when hostilities had been determined on no whisper of a discontent was heard from him, and all his energies were thrown into their successful prose-

cution. Let those who think that a born soldier is necessarily an anti-peace-man, read the arguments urged by Colonel Wellesley against going to war with Tippoo Sahib (vol. i. p. 54) and with Scindiah. Still more remarkable, because founded on justice rather than on expediency, are his protests (vol. ii. pp. 255, 268) against the coming Mahratta war in which he won his Assaye laurels. At Calcutta the cry was for war against the Mahrattas, not because they were supposed to be about to attack us, but because they refused to enter into as close an alliance with us, defensive and offensive, as was considered requisite by the Government House officials of that day, at the head of whom, he it remembered, was the aggressive Governor-General, the brother of the young protester. War of this kind is denounced by the then Colonel Wellesley as "an act of great political injustice." "But it is desirable," he writes on the 19th November, 1800, "to go to war with them (the Mahrattas) because it is necessary to settle and establish our influence permanently at Poonah, and because they are weak and we are strong!" Such is the argument of the adversaries whose arguments he is combatting. "One of these," he replies calmly, but conclusively and forcibly, "one of these is a reason which could be advanced in support of any war, particularly one in this country; the other has been the ground of many attacks lately, but not with the British nation, although it has with our enemies the French." No Quaker was more opposed than Arthur, Duke of Wellington, to a purely aggressive and unprovoked war, although when it had arisen, and his duty called him to participate in it, he waged it with all his might and main towards the conquest of "a safe and honourable peace."

Not less conspicuous, as displayed in these dispatches and letters, is his character for veracity and honourable candour. In the second war against Tippoo, Colonel Wellesley was placed in command of the Nizam's contingent and other forces. Writing to his brother, the Governor-General, he says nothing of his brilliant success in the preliminary action of Mallavelly; but he is the first to narrate his failure, which has been so much and needlessly commented on, in the night assault before Seringapatam. "On the night of the 5th," he says, simply and frankly, "we made an attack upon the enemy's outposts, which, at least on my side, was not quite so successful as could have been wished." It has been objected, as an act of nepotism, to Lord Wellesley, that after the capture of Seringapatam the Duke of Wellington, and not Sir David Baird, was appointed its commandant or governor. But of anything like nepotism there is no trace in this correspondence. The Duke never hints at any promotion that is not justly his due. There is as little of glorification of his brother, the Governor-General, as there is of incitement to make war for the mere sake of war. When ill-judged and sycophantic counsellors at Calcutta advise the Governor-General to take the field and join the army in person, no one remonstrates against the step so strongly as he who has most to gain by it. Colonel Wellesley points out how, at every turn, the General will be thwarted, "not by you probably, but by those whom you will naturally wish to consult." He adds emphatically and almost audaciously, "All I can say upon the subject is, that if I were in General Harris's situation, and you joined the army, I should quit it." He is ever on the outlook to prevent his brothers from being imposed upon by persons of "connection." There is —, for instance, of whom he writes to his brother Henry: "When — went to Bengal, I forgot to mention him to you or to Mornington, and I am afraid that your wish to be civil to a relation of Lady Anne's will induce you to attend to him more than he deserves. He has been more concerned in the dirty business of this country than any man that ever was in it. He has more Durbar jobs than anybody (a very enormous one, I believe, now takes him to Bengal), and he is a disgrace to the King's army, to which I am sorry to say he belongs." The noble editor explains that "Durbar jobs" are "pecuniary arrangements with the ministers of native courts."

A large portion of these volumes necessarily consists of letters of business detail, whose main interest ceased immediately after their arrival at their destination. But a patient perusal of them confirms and expands our notions of the Duke of Wellington's practical genius and strong sense of

justice. Nothing is too high or too low for him. In command of captured Seringapatam he cares equally for the sanitary condition of the Indian soldiers (making regulations which in their minuteness remind us, not to speak it profanely, of Mosaic legislation), and for the spiritual condition of their officers—now going into the sewage question, now asking for the appointment of a chaplain. There is little reflection in them, no eloquence, and not a trace of sentiment. He dislikes India and the Indians; he protests against aggressive wars; yet, in either case, he does his duty as an Englishman and a military servant of the state. He is the best friend of the villagers, whether the forces under his command be merely on their march or in permanent occupation of a district. Numberless general orders forbid plundering. After the capture of Seringapatam, he tells his brother, "I came in to take the command on the morning of the 5th, and by the greatest exertion, by hanging, flogging, &c., in the course of that day, I restored order among the troops, and I hope I have gained the confidence of the people." Along the line of march, the soldiery are sternly commanded to avoid simple trespass on the fields of the population. A certain court-martial found a certain Mr. Assistant-Surgeon — guilty of having beaten and tied up a native in order to procure the delivery of straw and forage. But the sapient judges declined to pronounce his conduct "ungentlemanlike." Colonel Wellesley refused to approve the verdict of the court. "I never," he wrote, "can agree in opinion with the court-martial that this scandalous conduct is not unbecoming the character of a British officer and a gentleman, and I never can approve a sentence which describes it in other terms than those of the strongest reprobation."

With all the merit and interest of these "Supplementary Dispatches," they are not, we must confess, calculated to elucidate, in any striking fashion, the new problem of Indian government. The memoranda on Bengal and regimental promotion have a value, but it is one mainly of a historical kind; the views which they combat, and which they support, belong rather to the past than to the present—a remark which is more or less true of the Duke's comments on Anglo-Indian policy generally, and the nature of our alliances with native princes in particular. One passage, however, from a letter written shortly after his arrival in India, is as fresh and noticeable as when it was penned; not so much for its verdict on the native character as for its quick, practical glance into fundamental deficiencies of law and punishment. On the 12th of July 1797, Colonel Wellesley thus writes to his brother, Lord Mornington, then in London:

The natives, as far as I have observed, are much misrepresented. They are the most mischievous, deceitful race of people I have seen or heard of. I have not yet met with a Hindoo who had one good quality, even for the state of society in his own country, and the Mussulmans are worse than they are. Their meekness and mildness do not exist. It is true that the feats which have been performed by Europeans have made them objects of fear; but wherever the disproportion of numbers is greater than usual, they uniformly destroy them if they can, and in their dealings and conduct among themselves they are the most atrociously cruel people I ever heard of. There are two circumstances in this country which must occasion cruelty, and deceit and falsehood, wherever they exist. First, there is a contempt of death in the natives, high and low, occasioned by some of the tenets of the religion of both sects, which makes their punishment a joke, and I may say an honour, instead of what it is in our country. All our punishments almost are the same, excepting imprisonment and whipping, which occasion loss of caste, and are therefore reckoned too severe for the common crimes for which we inflict them at home. The punishments of the Mussulman Government are precisely in the same state. The Hindoos don't care for them, excepting they occasion loss of caste; and the Mussulmans are now so nearly Hindoos that they have not a better effect upon them. Secondly, there is no punishment for perjury either in the Hindoo or Mussulman law. Their learned say that God punishes that crime, and therefore man ought not; and as oaths are notwithstanding administered and believed in evidence, no man is safe in his person or property, let the Government be ever so good. The consequence of all this is, that there is more perjury in the town of Calcutta alone than there is in all Europe taken together, and in every other great town it is the same.

An artless, free-flowing passage, yet in its insight into the philosophy of jurisprudence, worthy of Montesquieu. How naïve too, how characteristic, and how practical, the sequel:—

Notwithstanding all this, being here for a few years

would place you in so high a situation for the remainder of your life, that I should like to see you in that of Governor-General.

The British Raj contrasted with its Predecessors; and an Inquiry into the Disastrous Results of the Rebellion in the North-west Provinces upon the Hopes of the People of India. By DOSABHOY FRAMJEE. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Parsees: their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion. By DOSABHOY FRAMJEE. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

NATIONS have their flatterers as well as kings, and they are as dangerous to the one as to the other. Dosabhoj Framjee is a Parsee, a native of India, and a manager of an Indian newspaper. The latter fact would explain his being at least civil to the authorities; but he has thought proper, or prudent, to go so far beyond mere civility, has depicted in such glowing colours the glories and benefits of English rule, is so profoundly shocked at the ingratitude of our Hindoo and Mahomedan subjects, and so piously anxious for the confusion of our foes and the restoration of the British Raj, that even we, who are Englishmen, are aroused into a spirit of contradiction. There are certain maxims of political philosophy which are as applicable to Asia as to Europe, and which not even a white skin and a Christian faith can make us forget. Large countries, like Oude for instance, do not spring into universal rebellion because their Government was the best and wisest in the world. We have been accustomed to think that the society of men for whose benefit a Government exists, or ought to exist, is like the wearer of a tight shoe—the best, or in fact the only, judge of its pressure. A general rising against a ruler is an argument which can hardly be refuted. Englishmen would do well to keep a firm hold upon these maxims; for in them lies the future safety of our Indian possessions. Those who would persuade us that we are in no way accountable for the terrible insurrection which has been raging for more than twelve months over a large portion of the continent of India—that our rule has been without stain or reproach—and that the rebels, who even to the last, and when a hope of success could hardly remain, took up arms against us, were actuated by mere ingratitude, wantonness, and folly—are not the true friends of English rule.

Dosabhoj Framjee is no unskilful flatterer. He has a salve for all sorts of consciences—his argument resolving itself into two heads of pretty wide extension. First, he assures us that our Government has been perfect in its justice, wisdom, and beneficence; and secondly, that it has, at all events, been infinitely superior to the Mahomedan or to the Mahratta Governments, which, but for the battle of Plassey, would probably have existed to this hour. This is a very common form of argument among English writers and speakers. It is, of course, the kind of music most grateful in the ears of the authorities, who hold the sword of Damocles over Dosabhoj Framjee and his Anglo-Indian journal. It is likely enough to make the writer a popular man in Bombay, and to exalt the "loyal Parsees" still higher in European estimation. But we believe it to be in a very great degree false, and are convinced that it can answer no good purpose to shut our eyes to the facts.

It should never be forgotten by those who honestly seek the truth, that all accounts of English rule are from the pens of Englishmen, naturally predisposed to think well of their countrymen, and in most cases directly interested in the present system; but, even without such allowances, enough can be found in the vast mass of Anglo-Indian literature to show that there are many and great grievances of which the natives may complain, and which make the causes of the revolt not so deep a mystery as it was lately the fashion to consider them. Abstractedly, it would appear hardly possible to be otherwise. If the political theorist were asked to imagine the worst possible kind of government, he would probably select a perfectly absolute government by a conquering race, alien in colour, language, religion, and customs—a government by a power delegated from a vast distance, and sub-delegated again over a wide territory to men over whose conduct in its minor details there could be little check. If he added to this, that the courts and forms of law were conducted in the conquerors' language—that the governing class had but a temporary interest in the land, and could always draw support from a distant and powerful country to shield them from the consequences of

misrule—the example would be perfect. This is a true description of British rule in India; and although the government of the East India Company has been far more free from the vices of a great centralised despotism than any *a priori* reasoner would be justified in predicting, no thoughtful and disinterested person who should inquire into the subject would, we are convinced, be inclined to award it high praise. It has been grossly extravagant, and is now in debt to the amount of one hundred millions sterling. It has wrung from the natives an immense revenue, and has never given in return adequate protection to life and property. The "Madras Torture Report" is the best evidence of this. Cruelties of the most revolting and horrible nature have been widely and systematically resorted to by our own tax-collectors; and the best defence of the Government is, that no whisper of these things had ever reached them. The administration of the laws has been so costly, so uncertain, and so inextricably confused, that it is practically a dead letter. There are few persons now so bigoted as to defend our recent tampering with the native common law, and the cruel and harassing inquiries into the titles of small and large landholders, which have notoriously contributed to their hatred towards us. Add to this the insolence and harshness of the governing race towards the "niggers" and "pandies," as they are called, grounded on their imperfect acquaintance and want of sympathy with native habits and feelings, and we have a very different picture of English rule from that with which our Parsee flatterer has favoured us. In no instance, however, have the English shown themselves to greater disadvantage in native eyes than in their dealings with the semi-independent states. The system upon which we have acted is now notorious. To dethrone or help in dethroning a popular ruler, and set up a pretender who must look to us and not to the good will of his people for his strength—to appoint a Resident at his court whose chief office is to extort treaties and to exact loans and aids from our unfortunate dependent, which, being drawn from his own people by additional taxation, help to render him more and more unpopular and increase the difficulties of his rule, are the principal maxims. In this way the Kings of Oude have contributed large sums to the Company's wars. Lord Hastings enacted from one of these princes at one time a so-called "loan" equal to a whole year's revenue of the country. The raising of such sums from a people already heavily taxed necessarily occasioned great misery, discontent, and confusion, and contributed in no small degree to those troubles which were the hypocritical excuse for Lord Dalhousie's fatal annexation.

The excuse that the Mahomedan Governments were worse is not to the purpose, and is not true. There are tyrants in the history of India, as there are tyrants in the history of England and France. But the best and most impartial among English historians admit that in ordinary times the people suffered no oppression, and that the general state of the country was flourishing. The Hindoos were subject to some invidious distinctions, as till lately were the Catholics in England, and at this moment are the Chinese in Australia; but they were not molested in the exercise of their religion. The Zemindars continued in possession of their estates, were employed in civil offices and as military commanders. The reason of the leniency of the conquerors' rule is simple. The Mahomedans, like the English, bore but a trifling proportion to the population; but, unlike the English, they made India their home, and soon became so changed, that the Mahomedans of the country whence they came no longer knew them. Their worst kings had at least the same interest in establishing good institutions as an English landholder in improving his estate. It has been shrewdly said that, if they devoured a sheep now and then, they had, at all events, no objection to their flock being fat. But there are Mahomedan princes like Akber, Shīr Shah, Shah Jehan and others, whose names are still remembered, as the names of Alfred or Edward were remembered by the conquered Saxons, and whose good deeds are in India to this day a household word. Their roads and shady walks and public works, their aqueducts, reservoirs, and vast caravanserais now desolate ruins, and even the wise and benevolent maxims in the writings they have left, confirm their reputation. During the Maharratta wars, and the civil troubles consequent upon the dissolution of the Mahomedan power,

the people were necessarily wretched enough; but anarchy cannot exist long. Though English traders had never conquered, peace and order must have come at last. Some power must be strongest and must prevail; and when established, if domiciled in the country, will be bound by the same laws which constrained the Mahomedans, and must constrain the most despotic governments who draw the elements of their strength out of the country they rule, to consult, in some degree, the happiness of the people. It is well that public opinion at home, which—insufficient as it must necessarily be—is the only guarantee for good government in India, should not be unenlightened on these points. It is good, not only for the welfare of the people of India, but for the future tranquility of our rule, and for the sake of our standing in the eyes of that future time, which will not judge as this courtly Parsee, that we should lay these things to heart.

We turn with more pleasure to the second work, by the same writer, whose title we have placed at the head of this paper. It is an interesting account of that singular race to which the author belongs, and who still preserve the worship of fire, and the religion of Zoroaster, brought with them from Persia twelve hundred years ago. Driven out of their ancient country by the conquering Mahomedans, they found a kindly welcome and a new home among the Hindoos, and are to this day along the western coast of India a flourishing mercantile people. The name of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the Parsee baronet, is familiar even in English ears; his great wealth, and his benevolent deeds, though in their form somewhat conventional and ostentatious, are almost as well known in London as in Bombay. No better evidence of the mildness of the old Hindoo rule, and of the difference between the Mahomedans of Persia and those of India, can be found than in the fate of the Parsees in the one country and the other. In Persia, though originally composing the whole population, they have been almost entirely exterminated or compelled to embrace Islamism, and what few remain are wretched in the extreme. In India they have never sacrificed their faith or traditions, or lost for a moment their independent existence. The invaders of Persia were the early Mahomedans, who, in the first days of their fiery zeal, smote the unbeliever with a heavy hand, like the Puritans in Ireland. Settled down in India, and compelled to study the art of governing a people far outnumbering themselves, tolerance and justice became a necessity of their existence. Even so sincere a hater of the Mahomedans as this Parsee historian admits that they continued, or even extended, the privileges granted to the Parsees by the Hindoo Rajahs, and entrusted the forefathers of his race with minor offices in the state. He does not fail, however, to assure his readers that the Parsee, in honesty, sincerity, freedom from superstition, and all other good qualities, is vastly superior to the Hindoo or the Moslem; and informs us that at the Parsee feasts "no party ever leaves the table without drinking the health of her most gracious Majesty of England, Queen Victoria, and the royal family"—toasts, he says, which "are always received with enthusiasm and deafening cheers."

Considering the loyal views of the writer, it is not to be wondered at that his discourse on "the British Raj" should be introduced by a highly laudatory preface from so eminent a champion of the late East India Company as Colonel Sykes, who gravely informs us that "Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Company, at my request, with their usual enterprise and liberality, consented to publish." Why "with their usual enterprise and liberality"? Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. are, we hope, prudent business-like people, wisely aspiring to no other character. The flattering panegyric of Dosabhy Framjee, constituting, as we suppose it will be considered, "a remarkable testimony from a native in our favour," would appear to be very likely to sell well. After all, the publication, curious as it is, being only a pamphlet of sixty pages, let us hope that, in the worst case, no serious injury will be inflicted upon a highly-respectable publishing firm.

Every Man his own Trumpeter. By GEORGE W. THORNBURY. London: Hurst and Blackett. *Five Years of It.* By ALFRED AUSTIN. London: J. F. Hope.

If *Every Man his own Trumpeter* had been an avowed translation of a French novel, it might have defied criticism. The story is French, the

characters are French, and the treatment is French. The only defect is that the style is English-French; and that is a blunder to which translators are prone enough, but which it especially behoves the author who lays claim to genius and originality to avoid. We can pardon the translator who translates a French idiom into an English vulgarism; but we cannot overlook the defect in art of which he is guilty who wilfully puts English slang into the mouth of a French fop.

We have another difficulty about this book, which arises from the peculiarity of the name. It is an odd name and a very long one: nothing but the most obvious fitness, the most striking and convincing appositeness, could excuse the selection of such a name. Now we have read the three volumes through with the greatest attention and the most serious care, but cannot for the life of us understand why the work should be christened by such a name as *Every Man his own Trumpeter*. The French as a nation, and especially those who lived in the times of the Grand Monarque, are celebrated for the skill and power with which they blow their own trumpets; but what particular character in this novel plays upon his instrument with especial loudness, or whether any of them are to be regarded as anything remarkable in that way, we are unable to tell.

The story consists of the adventures of a Gascon youth, one Césaire de Mirabel, who is sent from home to seek his own fortune at a very early age by his father (a stern old soldier), with a horse, a sword, and fifty louis in his pocket, and all in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. He comes to Paris; joins the King's Guard; is employed to spy out an intrigue at Versailles; makes an enemy of D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police; fights a duel and gains a bitter enemy; is imprisoned in the Bastille; escapes; goes to the wars, where he encounters a number of perils and adventures, which only prove him to be a second Chevalier Bayard; and finally makes a good end by marrying a pretty cousin, and living a very happy life ever after.

A specimen of the style will serve for a better criticism than any detailed analysis. Here is a scene in the private chamber of Madame de Montespan, at Versailles:

What we saw, as we looked through the half-open door that screened us, was Madame de Montespan, the deserted mistress of the King, beautiful as the dawn, in a white satin dressing gown, thrown loosely about her, but not sufficiently to quite conceal the warm risings and fallings of her white bosom, with whose riches her blue bodice seemed overflowing; her rounded arms, fair and polished as Juno's, were bare to the elbow, but for low ruffles of the rarest Mechlin lace. Her head was not fully dressed, as if her illness had seized her before she had fully completed her toilette, and the rich thick clusters of auburn hair hung in a golden glimmer round her rounded, full chin and pale cheeks. Her eyes looked red with weeping, and she had, as I noticed, but one fairy-like slipper; the other, lined with crim-on, and padded round with swansdown, lay, as if kicked pettishly off, upon an ivory crucifix, where it had accidentally struck.

"Venus in arms," cried the Abbé, as the imperious beauty deliberately divested herself of a pair of sparkling bracelets, and flung them with too certain aim, at a gilt rococo Cupid-guarded clock, shined in crystal, that ticked with an innocent and bird-like cadence on the porphyry mantelpiece. "*Mater seva cupidinum.*" Her arm is whiter than candid Parian," said the Abbé, drawing back, as the enraged beauty broke in a huge glittering mirror that sheeted the wall, with a little painted breviary she flung frantically at it; while over her head flew screaming a stray red parrot, like a wind-blown gust of wild fire.

"A hundred louis," cried the footman, "to any one who'll stop her!"

In a few minutes the room was a wreck of glass and china. Broken porcelain jars and shattered ivory caskets, out of which rolled a flood of miniatures, love letters tied with coloured silk, pearls, and perfumes, strewed the rich dark eastern carpets that covered the parqueted floor.

"She'll harm herself," cried the footman.

"More likely she'll harm some one else. By Castor and Pollux, look at her *cultus nimium lubricus*. How queenly she looks in her anger. A second Circe, with a frustrated spell, or as Menage says aptly of an angry beauty, 'A wounded amazon seeking for revenge.' Shall I repeat the passage, Mons. Fénelon?"

"Mons. l'Abbé, this is no time for learned chit-chat."

"O missy, missy," cried a little negro boy in a red turban and gold armlets, who, running from a corner where he had been sleeping with the pet spaniel he had to guard, awoke, horror-struck at the scene of confusion, and full of sorrow at the despair of his

kind but capricious mistress. "What for go for to cry? O, don't go for to cry."

The reply to this sympathy was a blow that knocked Zamba over the spaniel, which at once set up a howl that increased the general distress. At last, when exhausted by her own violence, the mad queenly woman sank down on the downy cushions of a yellow sofa, the lady in waiting seized the opportunity to run in and clap a silver-stoppered flagree bottle of Indian scent to her mistress's nose. Madame struck at the obsequious dependent with a fan she had broken in decapitating a china shepherd on the neighbouring console table; but, too faint to hurt, she fell back and cried bitterly, bending backwards and forwards in all the violence and passion of angry grief that no tears would comfort.

"The priests are come, madam."

"I want no priests," said Dido, again springing on her feet, as if a new object of annoyance heaped fresh fuel on the smouldering fire of her indignation. "I had too much of priests, when they bound me in a bramble chain of oaths to that cold, selfish man, who leaves me to die broken-hearted here, the scorn of the very scullions of the palace. I want no priests, with their smooth, sly faces, and prim, virtuous mouths, with their snug pet vice quiet at home, and the money-box under their feet in the pulpit, to make them look taller. Drive them out and send for the milliner, that I may know how to dress up and revive this beauty that fails to charm. Away; scour Paris, bring me washes, powders, philtres, charms, poisons, anything, that I may get the old bloom on my cheeks, and the old light in my eyes. Look here" (here she leaped up and seized the terrified waiting lady by the throat), "have you deceived me with your lying flatteries and miserable praises? Is not this glass I've broken for lying—a mere trick, and am I not getting old and wrinkled? am I not yellow, and lean, and stamped with death's brand, the crow's foot, like that widow Scarron, that cripple's leaving, that snuggled, puritan, lascivious widow, with the cold smile and the false greetings? Tell me, or I'll grind the life out of you."

The literary dinner at the table of the witty, scholarlike, and epicurean Abbe de Bellerose is admirably described; only we object to the antedating of the old story about Talleyrand and the asparagus. The scenes with the army and in the Bastille are drawn naturally and with spirit. The great, indeed the only defect which the book has, in point of art, is the constant recurrence of idiomatic English vulgarisms. The story is, however, exceedingly dramatic, and we have no doubt that *Every Man his own Trumpeter* will not only obtain a wide popularity, but will tend to raise Mr. Thornbury's reputation as a novelist.

Five Years of It is a quiet, easy-going story, against which the gravest charge is the vulgarity of its title. Five years of what? We presume that the author meant of life.

Edgar Huntingdon, the hero of this particularly modern story, is a young gentleman under age, waiting for 1800*l.* a year, and in the mean time a would-be poet, a student in a pleader's chambers, and a member of the Inner Temple. It was a difficult task to manufacture a hero out of a sucking barrister; but, somehow or other, Mr. Austin has accomplished it. As he is painted here, young Huntingdon promises to be a very model for the outer bar. He studies law, visits in the best society, gets engaged to the daughter of a lord, and succours disconsolate and forsaken damsels, whom he meets in Fleet-street at suspiciously late hours of the night, and who subsequently turn out to be of high degree. Eventually he marries the lady of his love, and abandons the law in favour of the muses. Such is the material out of which this commonplace but not unamusing novel is constructed.

The Kitab-I-Yamini: Historical Memoirs of the Amir Sabaktagin and the Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, early Conquerors of Hindustan, and Founders of the Ghaznavide Dynasty. Translated from the Persian version of the contemporary Arabic chronicle of Al Utbi. By the Rev. JAMES REYNOLDS, B.A., of St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, Incumbent of St. Mary's Hospital, Ilford, Essex, Secretary to the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, &c. London: Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. Sold by W. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall-street, and B. Duprat, Paris. 1858.

NEOS.—What book have you there, mine ancient, noble in its mighty type, magnificent in its amplitude of margin, how unlike most of the shabby productions of these days of cheap publishing?

ARCHÆUS.—It is a book, my young friend, issued within the last few days, "printed," says

the title-page, "for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland," and "sold by W. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall-street, and B. Duprat, Paris."

NEOS.—What! Are there people who subscribe money in this matter-of-fact England of 1858 to publish translations from Eastern languages?

ARCHÆUS.—Yes; there are people who subscribe the money, and others who read the books so published, and some who review them, and many thousands who read the reviews. The last volume of this same series, a translation from the Chinese, by the great scholar Stanislas Julien, of the Buddhist pilgrim Hiouen-Tsang's travels in India, was reviewed copiously in the *Times* itself, by Max Müller of Oxford; and the Nirvana controversy which ensued, even you may remember, O "Constant Reader" of the daily newspapers.

NEOS.—To be sure I do. And the title of this new book?

ARCHÆUS.—*The Kitab-I-Yamini: Historical Memoirs of the Amir Sabaktagin and the Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, early Conquerors of Hindustan and Founders of the Ghaznavide Dynasty.* Translated from the Persian version of the contemporary Arabic chronicle of Al Utbi. By the Rev. James Reynolds, B.A., of St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, Incumbent of St. Mary's Hospital, Ilford, Essex, Secretary to the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund.

NEOS.—Mercy on us! A "learned Pundit," like the gentleman in "Guy Mannering" whom Dominie Sampson surprises with his young mistress. And pray you ever heard of the Amir Sabaktagin or Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna?

ARCHÆUS.—You,—O reader of light poetry. You have read in Leigh Hunt's pretty verses adapted from D'Herbelot, the story of the Sultan Mahmud; how a *paterfamilias* in a city which Mahmud had conquered came complaining that one of his officers was rioting in his house and plaguing his women; how Mahmud summoned his retinue, proceeded to the aggrieved man's house, where the ruffian was, and (for it was night), ordering the lights to be put out, had the criminal slaughtered in the dark. When all was over he ordered lights, looked in the dead man's face, and, joyful, prayed to God in grateful mood. Mahmud's son was cruel and licentious, and the Sultan feared that it had been he. A touching story; the rigour of a Brutus blending with the patriarchal tenderness of an Abraham.

NEOS.—Yes: I remember the verses.

ARCHÆUS.—And this Mahmud, following in the footsteps of his father, was the first Mahomedan conqueror of India. When Canute was reigning in England, Mahmud was protecting Firdusi of the Shah-Nameh, and sending his legions down the Cabul passes to the conquest of Hindostan. Nothing knew he of those distant islands of the far West. Little thought he that they were to fall heirs to his conquered India, and learn to their cost what Afghans can do in those defiles of Cabul through which he hurled upon India his conquering hosts. It was this Mahmud who carried off with him in triumph those gates of Somnauth which Lord Ellenborough solemnly restored in our own day, as a symbol that British tolerance had succeeded to Mahomedan fanaticism. Mahmud, like certain gentlemen in our own day, knew nothing of religious neutrality. Indeed, his Mahomedan zeal was one of the chief motives for his two terrible invasions of Hindostan. Listen to this naive old chronicler's account of Mahmud's expedition against Moolton, the same fortress which made Major Herbert Edwardes a hero for a year or two. The writer was attached to the court of Mahmud; and hear how ingeniously he makes the capture of Moulton and the punishment of its inhabitants acts well-pleasing to the Creator:

Abul Futah, Prince of Moolton, was notoriously characterised as one of malignant craftiness, deceitful treachery, dubious fidelity, and detestable inclination. [NEOS: *Humph! I can see what is coming.*] He set up a claim over the people of Khutha (i.e. the chief sovereignty) of Multan, to deal with them according to his will and pleasure, and cast the people into the lubricity of his error and the ruin of his folly.

NEOS. This Abul Futah was not of Sultan Mahmud's religion?

ARCHÆUS. Of course not. *Continuus.*

They signified the case to the Sultan, whose reverence for Islam and jealousy for the faith stirred up and excited him to a sufficient examination into this crime, and into the subject-matter of this error. And

in this point he sought God's direction, and consigned all his thoughts to this religious consideration, and prepared for the affair. And he assembled a numerous company and brave army of the first men and the faith and obedience of Islam. And when that artist Spring had delineated her paintings upon the tracts of mountain and plain, and the emperor Sun had clothed all the districts of the earth with precious dresses and embroidered robes, taken from the treasury of his glorious palace, he raised the cry, "To Muktan!"

NEOS. Graphic and poetical! That description of Spring is quite à la Jean Paul; and now I understand what old Goethe meant when he said that Richter orientalised. Well, what happened?

ARCHÆUS. As the rainy season had come on, Mahmud applied for a passage by land to "Andbul, King of India;" who, however, says Al Utbi, "placed the hand of repulse upon the face of the Sultan's request, and took the road of stubbornness"—in plain English, gave a flat refusal. Mahmud set upon poor Andbul and soundly thrashed him. Then Abul Futah, when he heard the news, packed up his treasures and fled from Muktan, which Mahmud presently reached:

The Sultan, when he had arrived at those provinces, and had made a full discovery of the articles and attributes of the point, seeing that all were involved in this mad error and vain folly, confined those citizens who were inhabitants and natives in the fort, and treated them with rigour, and pinched and corrected them with the food of punishment, fining them twenty thousand loads of a thousand dirams, and placed upon their neck the redemption-money of fines and the tax of the rebellious. The account of his stand for religion and for the illustration of the knowledge of the orthodox demonstrations passed to all cities, and even arrived at Egypt. And the dread of his sword was of effectual advantage in the land of Hind and Sind; and the main source of heresy and infidelity and perversity in those parts was intercepted and cut off.

NEOS.—Most pious and orthodox. But, tell me, is this allusion to the spring an isolated touch, or are there many of the same kind?

ARCHÆUS.—Many. The old chronicler, like most of these Orientals, is a poet, and delights to studd his historical page with poetical allusions and citations. Of a high city he says that "its sentinel, if he wished, might hold converse with the stars, and its watchman, if he desired, might give kisses upon the lip of the planet Venus." He turns aside with evident cheerfulness from wars and rumours of wars to describe the intellectual and poetical celebrities of his fierce master's court: that Abu Nasr, for instance, who—like the Honourable Robert Boyle, "father of chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork"—was "adorned with abundant virtue, illustrious morals, exalted dignity and expanded eminence, and well supported by great and incalculable real and personal estates," and who wrote the most beautiful verses. Then there is Said, the "state-noble," whose rank and wealth did not prevent him from cultivating literature, and who, in his contempt for ignorance, declared that "the state of a simpleton in education is like the state of the ass who has no thought except for his feed, for his straw, and for his access to the asses;" what parliamentary or platform orator, holding forth on the education question, could put it better? How he delights to dwell on that happy land of Juzjan, the home of poets and philanthropists, which "became the plain and meadow for the relaxation of all noble hearts, and the reward of poetry bore a high price in the market of their humanity, whilst their liberality was always forward and engaged in mending that which was broken and in freeing that which was captive." Playful terms and happy idiomatic expressions are frequent. Speaking of famine in a besieged city, he says: "The stomachs of the wealthy were as void as a drum." The picture at one stroke is complete.

NEOS.—And what became, O enthusiastic Orientalist, of Mahmud and his conquered Hindostan?

ARCHÆUS.—His ten successful invasions did not establish a dynasty. Soon after his death the Ghaznavide power which he had founded fell to pieces, shattered by a "disputed succession." Five centuries afterwards came the Indian invasion of Baber, descending like Mahmud from Cabul, and he founded the dynasty of the Moguls, the last of whom has just been banished to the Andamans. Luckier than Mahmud, Baber has written his own memoirs, extant in an excellent English translation, commenced by poor John Leyden, the *protégé* of Walter Scott. Go read it, and other like Oriental books, if you wish to be

reminded at once of the Bible and of the Arabian Nights. And be thankful to the Oriental Translation Fund, and to the Orientalists of Europe, for the easy pleasure which their long toils have placed within your reach.

The Age: a Colloquial Satire. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. BAILEY has now passed through three of the phases of the poetical performer. First into the ring sprang "Festus," showing brawn and strength of limb, and yet inseparable from external show and spangles. Then came "The Mystic," a kind of Wiljalba Frikell, so dexterous with symbolism that the acutest intellect could not tell whence they came or whither they went. Lastly we have *The Age*, which answers to the rickety pantaloons, whose slippers are very much down at the heel, and who shuffles about with a consciousness that the little tricks he is performing are worth something to the spectators because they are remembrancers of the feats he performed in lusty manhood. But it is difficult to trace in that lean pantaloons the remains of the daring artist who turned a somersault through a fiery balloon, or bestrode ten horses at once in headlong career. We look with wonder, akin to awe, when we see intellect lashing ideas into attitudes of grandeur, although there may be a little confusion about the process; but we have nothing but regret for a poet who descends to the mere attitudinising of rhymes. To such regret Mr. Bailey has won an unmistakable title.

Whatever Mr. Bailey may think, he is not at the head of rhyme-twisters. The greatest manufacturer in that way was undoubtedly Byron; but Byron never for a moment allows you to think that there is much merit in rhyming. To him rhymes are mere toys; it is Hercules walking along the sea shore and stooping to gather shells. Now, let any one unacquainted with "Festus" read this colloquial satire called *The Age*, and he will never suspect that those tortured rhymes are evidences of the playfulness of a strong man. A complete change has come over the manner of Mr. Bailey's muse; but in changing the manner the poet should have shown that his genius was still living. In reading the gorgeous dreaminess, the splendid conceits, of "Festus," we have often yearned for something familiar in tone and sentiment. In that poem there are fragments of poetry piled like golden Alps, from peak to peak of which we have climbed or leaped till the understanding became dizzy, and we sighed for simple objects and for human sympathies. Again, in "The Mystic," we saw those Alpine heights no longer in their original grandeur. Over their gleaming heads the veil of the pedant had fallen, and before it the poet strode like a gigantic shade, uttering mysteries compared to which the spiritualism of "Festus" is simple as a nursery tale. All those things have passed away, and the critics who put no value on Mr. Bailey's splendid fragments, because they were fragments only, have the satisfaction of knowing that his latest poem is colloquial to the meanest degree. With our former appreciation of Mr. Bailey, we are justified in saying that we prefer his most rhapsodical flourishes to the poverty of his satires. Here is a sample how far Mr. Bailey can descend to the lowest understandings:

Then there's the Ballot.

AUTHOR.

CRITIC.

The favourite makeshift of some timid artisans,
Who form, although a most important class,
One only segment of the social mass;
Wherein is seen, in all its odd variety,
That pudding-stone formation called Society.
Beside the Crown, the peers, and cleric hierarchy,
Law, army, navy, physic, state, and squirearchy,
Fundholders, landowners, farmers, bankers, millicrats,
Officials, manufacturers, merchants, tillocrats,
Called frequently by Chartists the shoppocracy—
Most numerous of all ranks in our Democracy;
And numbering many good and thoughtful men,
Illustrious for plain dealing, now and then;
Clerks and assistants, labourers of every kind,—
Must have their rightful interests borne in mind.
Not all these ranks have votes, but all dispense
A broadly graduated influence;
And each, a petty despot in its way,
Striving to rule the whole, must yet obey
The general weal; consulting for the best
The will of others—workmen with the rest;
Well worthy every privilege but one,
Which Englishmen have granted yet to none—
To class, nor clique, nor king, nor kingly minion—
The privilege to quash free-spoken opinion.
So England's liberties, already got
By open vote, we will to change it not.

No one will call *this* mystical; but it is comical, and such English as the last line presents is cer-

tainly very unique. Here is another passage in which "Festus" has come down from his Alps in very fact:

AUTHOR.

Songs deal with feelings, mainly. Oft, events
The reader's judgment hints or supplements.
The intimate connexion 'tween our land
And neighbour Europe, by electric ban,
Shows not upon the surface, understand.

CRITIC.

I understand. Such nonsense, as it means,
May serve for ultras, or for sub-marines;
Your regular "salts" are not such vivid greens.
These lyrics, if I take you, form a riddle.
Minus the wires that go across the middle?

AUTHOR.

Therefore, not wire-drawn.
CRITIC.
Oh, you are deadly funny,
And might "go," but you've neither "mare" nor
"money."

And here another specimen, which can hardly improve the national taste, and will wholly fail to sully the fair fame of the simple-minded, noble Havelock:

FRIEND.

Of all conceits mis-grafted on God's Word,
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all things,
As not to hurt another e'en in small things.
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;
To pray for, and to care for others' life.
A Christian soldier's duty is to slay.
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way
These men whose souls he prays for night and day;
With what consistency let prelates say.
He's told to love his enemies; don't scoff;
He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
He's told to do to all as he'd be done
By, and he therefore blows them from a gun;
To bless his foes, he "hangs them up like fun."

For any man who aims to be Hudibrastic in the nineteenth century, we think the following is not so bad:

To suffer in mind, body or estate,
Or all the three at once, is no rare fate,
But these, to bards, are words of trifling weight,
Who fainting as a fine art know, and can turn
Into their own breasts their own bull's-eye lantern.

Our regret is, that this satire should ever have been written; not because it does not exhibit the polished point of Pope or the barbed arrow of Aytoun, but because it confirms the opinion that Mr. Bailey's muse is a creature of extremes. Perhaps the aptest lines in the Satire are these:

What England, as a nation, wants, is taste,
The judgment that's in due proportion placed;
We overdo or underdo, or waste.

We accept the truth of this. It is because Mr. Bailey has "overdone" his former poems, and "underdone" this, that, with all his genius, he has not been a popular poet, nor will this *Satire* make him so.

Artistic and Descriptive Notes of the Exhibition of Pictures at the British Institution, 1858. By GEORGE SCHARFE, F.S.A., &c., &c. Bosworth and Harrison, Regent-street.

The enjoyment derived from a collection of pictures—as in any other recreation—may be doubled by the unobtrusive aid of a discreet and well-informed companion. For special tastes it is impossible to provide: one is interested in a picture that a king kept under his pillow, or a conqueror gazed on when receiving the holy unction; your toady is moved to know that a portrait of a bull was the pet picture of my lord's grand-aunt; many believe that pictures possessed by celebrated men—no matter whether they came to them by accident or by choice, whether their judgment deserves respect or the reverse—must be necessarily remarkable. The prices given at the Rogers sale were not the everyday worth of the articles, but the appreciation obtained by them from the old poet's possession—not by his selection, since many of them had lapsed to him by the accident of his outliving his friends. Some note a picture, because it once was a unit in a great collection, is recorded in catalogues, and has a pedigree: this notion is common to those who especially set up their claim to a knowledge and study of pictures—the lights of their darksome way. The modest Dr. Waagen invented a new form of this fashion, that of always quoting his former works. Then, there is the amateur painter or collector of prints and photographs, who barbarously dissects a picture in search of technical faults or excellences, which are seldom in it, or, if so, arise from some cause beyond either his knowledge or belief. Beyond and above these there is a good number of intelligent educated persons, with knowledge, sense, feeling, and perhaps sentiment, patient to learn and ready to moderately appreciate a good picture: these will always gladly thank their in-

structor, and for these guide books may be written by those who can judiciously mingle pleasure with instruction, with the certainty of securing readers.

Mr. Ruskin's "Notes of the Royal Academy Exhibition" was by no means a new idea. The want of trusty counsel was always felt, and in the earliest years of the Academy a "Critique of the Pictures" appeared, and we have reason to believe was much used. Similar works on collections of old pictures are more frequent than we fear, was their success; for the ability to write them is rare. Notes upon modern pictures must of necessity be all criticism. The writer states his opinion; there are no facts to record. Not so with a collection of pictures by acknowledged masters; here he must deal first with the fact of the genuine authenticity of each picture. Is the asserted Leonardo like a work of the master or of an imitator, or that vile thing—our disgust—a made-up nothing? If a real work, show that it proves itself, and then mark its excellences tersely and plainly. This the man of knowledge and art can do without indulging in poetry or high-flown expression; for it is ever to be remembered that all questions of art are questions of fact, and the excellences of a picture can be demonstrated in plain language, to the increase of the enjoyment of the individual whose attention has been fixed by the impression of its general effect.

If a picture possess the additional interest of early celebrity—if it be an example of an epoch in a school or a change in a master's style—if it be a repetition—if it have a really historical event connected with its existence, or any matter that a reasonable person might listen to patiently—it should be stated in the guide, and the reader, feeling he has been informed of one thing worth remembrance, would buy the next guide-book of the same writer with the same gratification as he will visit the exhibition.

We are not speaking of catalogues, not even of the learned descriptive catalogue; that is, a work which requires a power of heavy reading not possessed by ordinary busy people, and cannot be used as a guide or note-book whilst viewing the pictures. Neither a numerical or alphabetical order is alone sufficient. Some regard to the arrangement and position of the pictures must be kept, so that the visitor's observation and the notes will be concurrent.

A judicious use of large and small type, avoidance of abbreviations and notes, and also, we think, abstinence from the tame habit of quotation from Waagen and Walpole, are among the essentials to a useful guide. Whether all the pictures can be noticed must depend on their number. A good lover of pictures will enjoy two hundred in one day; beyond that it becomes vexation of spirit. Large collections are an evil best obviated by brief guides, though they exclude half the works from notice.

After thus stating what, in our opinion, a guide-book ought to be, we are constrained to declare that Mr. Scharfe has not fulfilled these conditions—indeed, has misconceived the task he has chosen. His training and position demand a second effort from him. The Leonardos made the British exhibition rather exceptional this year, and a full notice of them was required; but the whole number of pictures, 187, could be seen in an afternoon, and Mr. Scharfe should have had respect enough for their owners and the selection of the directors of the institution to have noticed each in its turn.

Greater explicitness in his own remarks, and less frequent use of other writers, with entire rejection of tedious notes and references to library books, might make these notes as acceptable as Mr. Ruskin's at the Academy; but the *sine qua non* is the broad taste, decided judgment, and discrimination which has made Dr. Waagen's works the leaning-staff of every hurried or indolent connoisseur.

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Pariser Kaiser-Skizzen, &c. (Sketches of Imperial Paris. By THEODORE MUNDT.) 2 vols. Berlin: Otto Janke.

THEODORE MUNDT is a living German writer of some mark, favourably known by his "Litteratur der Gegenwart" and other works, chiefly in the departments of criticism and æsthetics. His third residence in Paris, in the summer of 1856, has issued in the publication of these two volumes, the conscious aim of which was to record the influence exerted on society in France by the new Napoleonic régime. "The life of a great nation," says Herr Mundt in his preface, "and the French undoubtedly believe themselves still to be such, is in all its points so indivisible and mutually dependent a whole, that from the lightest vaudeville of a Boulevard you can tell who is the occupant of the Tuileries and the throne of France." The life of a great nation, however, we are tempted to retort to Herr Mundt, cannot be transformed by a new change of dynasty or a political revolution which has lasted only a few years. Happily for the success of his book, Herr Mundt has not always acted on his own preconceived plan. Some of its most interesting passages relate to characteristics and features of French society which have nothing to do with the present political constitution of France. As a whole, the book, we may add, is readable and suggestive, though disfigured by the traces of that tendency to philosophise upon trifles which seems inherent in every German. Herr Mundt is "liberal," yet catholic and tolerant withal. He has a sigh for the constitutional government of Louis Philippe, and the freedom, political and literary, which was its accompaniment. Yet he is by no means a severe critic of the present régime, and he contrives to speak of contemporary Paris with the calmness that would befit a modern chronicler of ancient and imperial Rome.

Some of the best, or at least most striking, chapters of the book are devoted to the French working classes, for whom Herr Mundt has an evident liking, and with whom he seems to be more familiar than with the *flâneurs* of the Boulevards or the *intrigants* of the salons. Herr Mundt is full of praises of their character and way of life. He even goes the length of maintaining that the Parisian artisan is really anti-democratic; that his revolutionary zeal is the result of a sudden impulse; and that on the morrow of a revolution he is the most eager of counter-revolutionists. This theory he bases on the essentially aristocratic nature of the tastes purveyed for by the Paris artisan—a circumstance which he hints the present Emperor of the French has skilfully turned to account. In the luxury of the court, imitated by the French middle classes, our author sees a deep political design to keep the *ouvriers* of the French metropolis employed. Here is a description of the "interiors" of the better class of Paris artisans, which may be worth comparing with what is known of the home of the well-to-do English workman.

When you enter the often pretty spacious habitations of certain classes of Parisian artisans, you are frequently astonished by the refinement and elegance of their arrangements, which reproduce, in a peculiarly pleasing manner, the luxury of the middle classes, blended with a certain patriarchal element. There are not a few families of this kind who possess pieces of furniture which have not yet penetrated into the abodes of the working classes in Germany. A family of the working class in tolerable employment is seldom without a large pendulum clock, several looking-glasses, some tasteful vases on the chimney-piece, and on the walls copper engravings, even though the latter may only have been obtained as premiums for subscribing to illustrated serials. The centre of all this splendour is usually the sleeping apartment of the married pair, in which the chief

furniture is displayed, and the special luxury of the artisan family developed. The beds are of walnut wood, and supplied with sheets and curtains of dazzlingly white linen. A chest of drawers, a desk, a sideboard with glass doors, all of walnut wood, an elegantly-ornamented round table standing in the middle of the room, complete the comfort of the thoroughly clean and respectable *ménage*. The windows, too, are tastefully hung with curtains. Nor are there wanting the adjuncts of a little library, in which you remark books of entertainment and education, and frequently an illustrated History of France, recently published in numbers.

The dress, habits, and amusements of the Paris artisan are described with similar gusto, and in a spirit reminding us of Head's unsuccessful tour (chronicled in the "Faggot of French Sticks") in search of abject poverty in Paris. On the food of the Paris workman of the better class—his two breakfasts, his dinner and his supper—Herr Mundt is specially eloquent, contrasting it sorrowfully with the "scanty and rude nourishment" of the Teutonic working man. The very *chiffonnier* is a model of intelligence and piety, with a library containing the "Histoire Sainte" of Fleury, a French translation of Silvio Pellico, devotional tales of Madame Guizot, and other similar books! The devoutness and philosophy of Wordsworth's "Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor" are nothing to those of the Parisian rag-gatherer. A portion of Herr Mundt's sketch of the *chiffonnier* is worth extracting in itself, and as characteristic of the tendencies of a certain school of literary Humanitarians in Germany:

In the Paris *chiffonnier* the religious element is the most prominent; it is not merely strongly marked in single individuals of the class, but seems to be generally and fundamentally connected with their existence and calling. The rag-gatherer is one of the most believing and at the same time most intelligent members of the whole working population of Paris. His occupation, at the very bottom of the social scale, leads him to recognise the transitoriness of all earthly things; only it would seem to lift his soul to God, and to fill him with devout and reverential thoughts. When at midnight he rakes amid the old rags and tatters of the street-sweepings, perhaps a glance at the stars twinkling over his head, which shine down upon his despised employment, wings him upwards to visions of a better home, and he learns to think of a heavenly world to consist of the Whole and the Complete, and where rags and tatters are not required for the economy of a human life.

Herr Mundt discourses too on the Paris tailor and his art, in a somewhat lower strain, but still with such copiousness and enthusiasm as fairly to enter into competition with the author of "Sartor Resartus" and the Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh themselves! In the description of the colony of washerwomen, and (so to speak) of washermen, in the villages on the slope of Montmartre and Mont Valerien, the worthy German rises into the region of poetry. We hear of their "purely idyllic existence," &c. &c.

Let us turn for variety's sake to the chapter on "The Emperor, Intellect, and the Press," which contains interesting notices of old celebrities and new. The imperial and official patronage of certain of the press writers and pamphleteers of Paris is well known; but for many of our readers some of the details in the following passage may possess novelty. It was written, of course, before the recent movement for a Lamartine testimonial, and we may add that in 1844 the present Emperor of the French was engaged in a personal polemic with Lamartine, occasioned by the latter's denunciation of the 18th Brumaire, and in which the prisoner of Ham defended his uncle's *coup d'état*, in a pamphlet entitled "Reponse du Prince Napoleon Louis à M. de Lamartine" (Ham, 23rd Aug. 1844). In the more recent instance, however, it would not have suited the dignity of an Emperor

to vindicate the policy even of Julius Cæsar, and M. Troplong was commissioned to reply.

The Emperor Napoleon III., who loves to throw magnanimous alms to his enemies, lately enrolled himself as a subscriber to a literary periodical commenced by Lamartine. . . . Lamartine revenged himself in a peculiar manner for the Imperial subscription, by which Louis Napoleon had made his old competitor for the Presidency of the Republic feel that he was now the poor poet of France. Lamartine wrote his latest historical sketch, "Julius Cæsar," and introduced into it a portrait bearing a pretty distinct resemblance to the present Cæsar of France. The resemblance is the more bitingly elaborated, that Lamartine describes in it, with the most pointed reference to the present, how the power of the Cæsars was established by proscriptions, drinking-banquets, and squandering the public money. Lamartine represents the death of Cæsar as an historical necessity, although, from an ethical point of view, he naturally did not dare to defend it. This was too much of a home thrust not to give offence to the new Imperial Court. But Napoleon III. only commissioned his trusty Senator Troplong, after the same indirect fashion of historical polemics, to answer Lamartine's challenge, and this was done in the most effectual style and with the finest tact, in "Les derniers jours de la république romaine." The main point worked out by the prudent Troplong was, that Cæsar had saved the Roman empire from destruction; and the application, though unexpressed, was not remote, that France, which had been so rent and devastated by the war of parties, would also have been destroyed, had she not found a new Cæsar, who forcibly preserved her from anarchy.

How different this "indirect" Lamartine-Troplong warfare from the barricade strifes of French Revolutions, or even from the warm and personal Parliamentary contests of Louis Philippe's reign!

From the sketch of Thiers we excerpt a paragraph or two. Very doubtful, however, is it whether the Emperor Napoleon's non-employment of Thiers and other noted statesmen of the Louis Philippe epoch is due, as Herr Mundt hints, to "the instinctive prudence of a great ruler." If all tales be true, the present Emperor of the French has attempted, but unsuccessfully, to obtain the services of more than one of Louis Philippe's ex-ministers:

"Little Thiers," too, who for some years has been living again in his old hotel—once the rendezvous of the parliamentary and literary notabilities of France—reminds us of the new Imperial "situation." In a profound seclusion, which is by no means, however, unsuspected or unobserved, he works on at his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." The latest experiences and sorrows of France have only begun to increase the compulsion to which the little man had always a tendency. On the solitary plank on which he now finds himself, a shipwrecked mariner of politics, tossed about by the waves of Imperialism, he still retains that piercing eye, lightening demoniacally from behind his large spectacles, and that spiritually malicious smile which characterised the constitutional "old man of the mountain."

After a hint that M. Thiers's episodic trips to Germany, Belgium, and Italy, have more to do with Orleanist intrigues than with their ostensible cause, a desire to study Napoleonic topography for the "History of the Consulate and Empire," Herr Mundt proceeds:

Thiers has thus, at least, secured the privilege of being allowed to stretch his limbs in Paris, and this is for him a matter of the greatest importance. Perhaps he flatters himself at times with the thought of a new ministerial portfolio to be offered him by the Emperor Napoleon III. But old statesmen often resemble old greyhounds in losing their wind, and going on a false scent. Under a new régime only new men are to be worked with, and Louis Napoleon showed the thoroughly instinctive prudence of a great ruler in calling to his aid only persons of his own sort and of his own date, and in never dreaming of putting

the new Imperial wine into such an old bottle as Monsieur Adolphe Thiers.

We close with a slight sketch of one of those "persons of his own sort and of his own date," whom the Emperor of the French employs. Readers of newspapers know at least the name of M. Granier de Cassagnac, one of the shining lights of the semi-official *Constitutionnel*, and the Vicar of Bray of the Paris press:

Among the *collaborateurs* of the *Constitutionnel* we find a genuine type of these "Situation"-writers of the day, in the person of M. Granier de Cassagnac (born at Cassagnac in Gascony), who combines an enormous pen-talent with encyclopedic knowledge, and an unparalleled dexterity in literary larceny. In the course of his versatile career he has defended and attacked in turn almost every political principle; nor is there any newspaper-mill in which Granier de Cassagnac, with his frightful aptitude for doing anything or everything, either has not served or may not be expected to serve. He has certainly carried things further than most men of his calibre; for, as the general Swiss of the French press, he has not only served Thiers to-day, Guizot next day, Constitutionalism to-day, Absolutism on the morrow, but in the *Revue du dix-neuvième Siècle* he even ventured on an argumentative defence of slavery. By the side of Vèron in the *Constitutionnel*, and with a tacit reference to the blessings of a Napoleonic dictatorship, he aided conspicuously in the attack on the principles of representative government, and in demonstrating its injurious influence on the unity and stability of the State and Society.

Les Peaux Rouges: Scènes de la Vie des Indiens.
PAR XAVIER EYMA. Paris.

As the bulk of this book is translated or compiled from the English, we have been much amused that the author and the publisher should have reserved the right of translating it, or of getting it translated, into all languages. Our old friend Rip Van Winkle, whose history is here given at length, may have some novelty for the French, but he has none for us; and the other gentlemen and ladies introduced, such as John Smith and Pocahontas, are still more ancient acquaintances. M. Eyma has, however, travelled in America, and has something of his own to tell us, though it is comparatively so little that he need not have troubled himself about the right of translation. The work, brisk and lively enough, is extremely readable. Besides tales and sketches illustrative of savage life in America, it contains a Jesuitical argument against the Indians, obviously much indebted to Yankee inspiration. M. Eyma finds that those who either pity the Indians or who deplore their probable fate are silly sentimentalists, toward whom not much consideration is to be shown. Sentimentality is the semblance and the cant of genuine feeling; but we think that much genuine feeling may be excited in favour of the American Indians. Can the victors, or the advocates of the victors, ever fairly put the case of the vanquished? We doubt it. The victors are unjust to the vanquished, in proportion to the injustice they have already made them suffer. That after the Americas were discovered their transfiguration through European energy was inevitable, who can dispute? But that does not make wrong right, and it ought not to mitigate our judgment on horrible barbarity. There are two fallacies, which those who plead as M. Eyma pleads very freely employ—that what calls itself civilisation may do what it likes merely because it calls itself civilisation; and that the barbarian or savage is criminal, and to be treated as criminal, if he refuses to be civilised. But civilisation is an extremely equivocal word. When it means the holiest and most beautiful development of human nature it is a very noble word; when, however, civilisation signifies a certain artificial culture, certain artificial customs, it merits all the anathemas which Rousseau hurled at it. The most civilised nations have not been the best nations: they are far from having been the most generous and merciful. The Hebrews were not so civilised as the Greeks or Romans; yet how much more of love entered into the legislation of the Hebrews than into that of the Romans or of the Greeks. Christian countries boast of their civilisation, yet it is the natives of Christian countries alone who treat slaves with consummate cruelty. The Orientals, as a rule, treat them not merely with kindness but with esteem. Abraham made his slave Eliezer his steward, and he intended making him his heir. Those familiar with Eastern history are aware to what eminence and influence slaves have risen; they have often been the conquerors of kingdoms and the founders of dynasties. It were well if we

had some word to express the divinest unfolding of manhood in the social form. We should then see how absurd it is to measure the worth of countries by our Western types. M. Eyma asserts that conquest is universally a gain. No assertion more monstrous and false. We abhor this self-satisfied optimism of the strong and the fortunate. The mighty stream of life rolls on without regard to the happiness of individuals or of nations; it sweeps away unsparingly what is good and what is evil alike. Sometimes conquest is a benefit; more frequently it is a curse. It is seldom a benefit, except when it renews exhausted and purifies corrupted realms. The Germanic races rushing on from victory to victory were the saviours of the Roman world. The Mahometans were no less the real deliverers of many a land sunk in Oriental sloth, rotting in Oriental vice. But hitherto what have the blessings been to the Americans from European contact? A war of extermination has been carried on against the Indians, and broad and fair realms have been given up to European lust, rapacity, ferocity, and superstition. The Christianity of Philip the Second represented to the Indians the Gospel of Jesus, and the fiends who followed Pizarro and Cortes were the propagators of that Christianity. We are believers in the sword, but in the sword when held by chivalrous hands; we are believers in the sword when held by such hands as those of an Emperor Baber and of an Emperor Akbar in India. Were not the Indians of South America better men than the degenerate sons of Spain and Portugal, who, lazy and brutal, now cumber and torment South America with their anarchic republics? Were not the Indians of North America better men than the degenerate sons of England, who in the United States disgust even the most tolerant travellers by their boasting, vulgarity, and greed. The basis of the moral is health in the widest sense. This is a lesson which all the champions of civilisation need to be taught. Nature and health are one; and when Nature makes a sickly thing, she hastens remorselessly to slay it: she is ashamed of her abortions. Weakness may be said to be the only sin that Nature ever punishes. If we force upon her our ethical fancies, she contemptuously rejects them. And many who puzzle themselves about the ways of Providence would cease to do so if they recognised as the central principle of the Divine government the instinctive outpouring of illimitable life. Is there then no spiritualism, no idealism? Are we only to eat and drink, since to-morrow we die? Is the Epicurean the only wise, the only true philosophy? Far from it. Precisely because Nature is life, and life alone, do we build on this vast domain of life a temple of transcendental thought, just as because Nature being often so pitiless, our pity ought to abound the more. But from life we must go in all our designs and doings—from the purest natural life. The justification then of conquest is, either that conquest brings health where health is not, or that it transforms health into holiness. The Indians of America, especially of North America, overflowed with health; to convert the health into holiness should have been the work of their conquerors. It may yet be their work. A similar work is stupendously proceeding in New Zealand; and why should what is easy in New Zealand be formidable in America? M. Eyma takes for granted the extinction of the Indians of North America at no very remote period. Civilisation—such civilisation as we find at Paris, where the women are all models of chastity; and at New York, where the men are all models of honesty—civilisation demands and prophesies this. And we admit that if the United States and North America were identical, a darker doom would hang over the Indians than the foes of these have ever threatened, or their friends have ever dreaded. But there is another power in North America still greater than the United States, and that power is England. Now, by immense and strenuous efforts and countless and costly sacrifices, England has won the name of being in an unrivalled degree humane. All intelligent and impartial foreigners, and especially the Germans, the most intelligent and impartial of foreigners, would at once allow that the English are the humanest of nations. Cant, and folly, and humbug may adulterate the humanity and neutralise its effects; but it is there, nevertheless—a fact as colossal as England's industrialism. It is the humanity of England that is her strength at this hour, and which will be still more her strength when times of trouble come. Now in the regions

about to be under British sway in directer and fruitfuller fashion than they have been, in Canada, and in the territories to the west of Canada, England will have room for her utmost vigour, but room likewise for her utmost humanity. The British possessions in America to the north of the United States are now the natural refuge of the Red Man. The decree of death has gone forth against him from Washington; and even if it had not gone forth, how can the Red Man meet mercy when the Black Man meets none? In less than twenty years every red man will be driven to fly from the United States or die. The Red Men could once be counted by millions—they can now only be counted by thousands; but probably from all parts of North America about half a million of Red Men could be gathered together. If gathered together in the British dominions, how far will they be inclined to accept a better civilisation than that of which M. Eyma seems to have any idea? Will they not persist in the insane habits that menace them with annihilation, even if no white man were their enemy? There are three things which united we regard as irresistible—English resolution, veracity, and clemency. United they would bring out what is best and trample down what is worst in the Red Man, and convert him into a faithful and loving member of a glorious brotherhood. Politics are more and more losing a sectarian sense and a selfish character, not through that vague and cold cosmopolitanism which Mr. Cobden and his followers preach, but through the awe wherewith duty has been seizing and leavening the valiant English soul. The consciousness of duty cannot lessen an intense nationality, a glowing patriotism; it augments both. It is they who passionately cling to their home who yearn the most to make all homes happy. And it is because through the sacredness of duty we are learning to love England better than ever we did, that we discover how comprehensive as well as how beneficent are the labours to which England is summoned in every clime. Now, as concerns the British Colonies, the sacredness of duty imposes on us the obligation of governing them for their advantage exclusively. The highest interests of England are best consulted when these are not held chiefly in view. England's truest selfishness is a grand unselfishness. The huckstering element must be kept altogether out of sight. For a short time during the wars with Napoleon, Java and the other Dutch settlements in the Indian Archipelago fell into the hands of the English. Of all the European nations that have planted colonies since the discovery of America, the Dutch have been the meanest, the most insatiate, and the most cruel. When, therefore, by a blunder for which Lord Castlereagh was principally responsible, the settlements in the Indian Archipelago were restored to the Dutch, there rose from island to island one wild shriek of anger and of hate. The natives had in a few years become attached to the British rule from its contrast to the Dutch; and incessant insurrections, especially in Java, tell Holland how much she is detested. It is sometimes asserted that nothing is so unscrupulous and unmerciful as religious fanaticism; but far more unscrupulous and unmerciful is the hunger for gold. Wherever the Dutch have gone they have left a name more loathed than the name of Spaniard or of Portuguese. The colonial doings of Holland are so execrable, that no Dutchman will ever have the courage fairly to record them. Compare the shabbiness, trickery, and cupidity of the Dutch with the noble achievements of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore. Throughout the whole of the Indian Archipelago there was no one so ignorant, so dull, or so ungrateful, as not to honour Raffles as a universal benefactor. It was only in England that envious and calumniators could be found. The wise and liberal spirit of him to whom it owes its origin still continues to animate Singapore; hence, it flourishes—a bulwark of England's strength, a source of England's prosperity in the East. Now we are convinced from these examples, and from others innumerable which colonial chronicles furnish, that man, whether savage as the American Indian, or subtle as the Asiatic, can generally see when you are governing from motives of lowest egoism, and when solely from a desire to serve the governed. Washington called the American Indians children, and seemed inclined to treat them as such; but if they have much of the waywardness of children, they are not arrant fools. They have intellectual gifts as remarkable as their physical vigour, skill,

and symmetry. They are the remains of one of the finest races the world has ever beheld. It were strange if the very superiority of their endowments should be an insuperable hindrance to their social reclamation. But their social reclamation belongs not exclusively to the domain of government. While there can be no more worthy task for the English Legislature than the transmutation of the Red Man into the English citizen, there can be no diviner work for him who wishes to spend his days in making his brother, whatever the colour or the creed, better. The choice of the Indians really lies between absorption and annihilation. Whether in the territory of the United States or in that of Britain, they cannot remain a distinct people. Still it would be desirable to let their individuality slowly expire of itself. If a generous share of the British soil were allotted them, with lavish and urgent temptations to substitute the life of the husbandman for that of the hunter, they would gradually engraft themselves on the great English trunk, whose saps flow the freer and the richer the more of new branches it has to nourish. The English race, being itself an amalgam, cannot refuse further amalgamation. But it is certain that, however races may blend, or however beautiful, as in the cases of Rome and England, the harmony and pith that may result from an infinite variety, the races the best adapted for a country are those that from the beginning have been there. The inhabitants of the United States are not physically so strong as the English. The European element is too predominant. If the Red Man instead of the riff-raff of Europe had been the predominant element, a mixed race at once agile and sinewy would have arisen, much better suited to the nature of the climate, and with a chivalrous elevation of character which would have disdained to take Go-ahead and Never Mind as the chief maxims of existence. While the Yankees have been massacring the Red Men, poisoning them with whiskey, polluting, degrading them, communicating to them every loathsome and fatal disease, such as the small-pox, which sometimes murders whole tribes, their conduct has been no less impolitic than inhuman. You may be very wide awake, and able to gain a dollar when your neighbour would not gain a cent, yet notwithstanding be a very short-sighted mortal. Nature is there, and is more stubborn than you. Not less fast than you have killed the Indian will the climate kill you—work out on you and your descendants a terrible retribution. Those who emigrate to the United States go to a land of graves. The Red Man's spirit at every step will haunt them, whispering in their ear that their children will die in their prime and their grandchildren ere their prime. The Englishman on the British territory has less to fear. The climate braces the bold heart to action, and weakens not the limb. And there will be nothing to fear if, in accordance with certain leading natural conditions, the race the most fitted to bear the American climate is brought into peaceful and closest fraternity with the English colonists. There is a poetic charm here also, that will not lessen the value of a social arrangement which is to influence the destiny of future generations. The Red Man is the most poetical of modern objects. Whatsoever hath surrounded him hath been romantic, and his deeds have had a Homeric hugeness. It were well if this expiring poetry fell as a lustre round a coming English empire. Not the least interesting part of English history is that the English, who in the mass are exceedingly prosaic, should have been ever since they gained the mastery of the main continually in contact with poetical circumstances. The most literal of our famous writers, Defoe, has in his "Robinson Crusoe" typified alike the prosaic character of the people and the perpetual marvels offered to their gaze. Robinson Crusoe on his island is England the most culminating figure in the world's history. On the one hand, England is enriched by this poetry which she encounters in every zone; on the other hand, she gives in exchange, through science, through industrialism, a more wonderful poetry of her own. India is a poem to England, often a bloody drama; the poem fertilises the English imagination, and then English force and the English will rush back to make India more a poem still. This reciprocity of the prosaic and the poetical, whereby the prosaic becomes more poetical than the poetical itself, brings the Red Man within the circle of industrialism and science, in the same degree that it enchants our English phantasy with poetical asso-

ciations. However, there is a very stern prose in the Red Man's actual position and immediate prospects. The best of the Americans have begun to despair of their own institutions. They have retired from the political scene, and left it free to adventurers. And the dream of the adventurers is territorial extension. But they are obviously puzzled at which end of America to begin. If they seize Mexico, they cannot steal from Britain; and if they steal from Britain, they cannot seize Mexico—yet they want to do both. Robbers and pirates have often been embarrassed in the same way before. Ultimately the adventurers will prefer the easier task; they will seize Mexico. To consolidate the conquest will be a work of ten or twelve years, which England must diligently employ in peopling the hundreds of thousands of square miles hitherto held by the Hudson's Bay Company. Let this not be degraded into a paltry squabble between two rival governments. But England has to assert principles and to establish institutions of which she alone on the earth is the champion. She has to offer an abode, and the fruits of honest toil, to many a one whom obscurantism persecutes and whom despotism would slay, and she has to smite fiercely and indignantly that vile, obstreperous, sterile demagoguism which is the hollowest of falsehoods and the most brutal of tyrannies. The political refugee belongs in general to our dangerous classes; and we should always furnish him with the means of settling in one of our colonies if he is disposed to accept them. There he would add to our strength; here he adds to our weakness. Then why should we ever hear in England of such a monstrosity as an able-bodied pauper? In the workhouse he is a reproach to us, a weariness to himself, a burden and a curse to creation. In fruitful valleys across the Atlantic he could in a few months prove by his labour that he also has a bounteous and blessed share in the vast heritage of God. By a change also in our military organisation, the larger part of our soldiers could, after a comparatively short term, be converted into colonists. Grants of land in our colonies would be the best rewards that our soldiers could obtain. All these things should be done with the same feeling of solemn, of religious responsibility that burned in the heart of Moses when he was leading the Israelites to the conquest of Canaan. And would that some Moses were sent by God to the tribes of the American Indians to be their prophet and their captain! Yet, lest no Moses should be found, let a voice at once reach them that there are homes for them in lands where they will be free from whatsoever is abominable and iniquitous in the United States. We earnestly appeal to every earnest English soul in favour of the Red Man, and in favour of the only plan for saving him from the infamous and infuriate mob into whose coarse grasp the affairs of the United States are so rapidly passing. To save him from that mob is in effect to save ourselves from its audacious attacks.

ATTICUS.

ITALY.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

From Rome to Perugia.

(Concluded from p. 502.)

SPOLETO (the Spoleum of the Romans) is a picturesque and rather animated city of about 7000 inhabitants, standing on the lower slope of the Apennines, immediately overlooking the fertile plains and hills of Umbria, at the mountain boundary of that luxuriant valley called both after the Clitumnus and the Tiber, both which water it at the two extremities. The Dukes of Spoleto continued vassals of the empire after Charlemagne had overthrown the Lombard kingdom, till this territory passed under the dominion of the Holy See by the bequest of the famous Countess Matilda. A castle of great strength, originally built by Theodoric, but afterwards (in the fourteenth century) by the warlike Cardinal Albornoz, and now used as a prison for felons, forms an imposing object on its platform above the town, commanding views of mountain and plain, Apennines and valleys embosomed in the purple hills of Umbria, vast in extent and singular in beauty. Immediately below these fortifications a deep ravine divides the hill of Spoleto from an opposite height; and here the abyss is crossed by the noble structure serving at once as bridge and aqueduct, in two tiers of boldly rising arcades, referred to an antiquity so high as the year 604, when it was built by Theodelapius III., Duke of Spoleto, though subsequent repairs and additions are supposed to have left only the substructure, with nine of the lower piers from the original Lombardic foundation. Another

object of early antiquity here is the arch called Porta d'Annibale, from the tradition that Hannibal was repulsed in his attempt to storm the city at this side. This now joins the houses of a narrow street, but has a character of olden majesty, though referred by some to a period rather mediæval than classic, as seems implied by the device in relief of a lion devouring a lamb. That it is a Roman work, though not earlier than the time of Theodoric, is an opinion at least plausible. Spoleto has a remarkable cathedral, one of the best preserved of the Lombardic period in central Italy, still retaining features of pointed architecture, though the Gothic arches of the elaborately-decorated façade are inappropriately supported by Greek columns, from the design for its modernisation by Bramante. A large mosaic over the portico, with the date 1207, and the name of the artist, Salsernus, is one of the finest among similar works of that epoch in Italy. Though badly modernised in the seventeenth century, the interior is worth seeing for the sake of its contents, among which the most interesting are those fine frescoes in the apse, the history of the Blessed Virgin and her Coronation, by Filippo Lippi, giving far higher ideas of his powers than any extant works that I know of by that artist.

Not far off is the monument erected by Lorenzo de' Medici to Lippi, who died of poison administered by the relatives of the lady he had induced to fly with him from a cloister, thus closing at Spoleto a life in which was nothing respectable save the exercise of his artistic talents. The expressive and not unpleasing bust, with an inscription in Latin verse and the date 1469, attests the esteem of the Medici for the genius of this profligate monk, who had fled, like his partner, from the cloister.

Leaving Spoleto, we soon reach the source of the Clitumnus, that here gushes from the rock close to the way-side, clear as crystal; and I felt, when contemplating this spot on this brilliant July morning, how delicate was the truthfulness and appropriate the sentiment in Byron's exquisite lines, inspired, amidst this deliciously tranquil scenery, to one of the poet's best and finest moods. The small temple is graceful, but obviously of the epoch of decadence; two columns spirally fluted, and two others ornamented in scales, support a pediment on which is sculptured the Cross, between bunches of grape and vine foliage, a symbol repeated also on the other frontispiece, and not, apparently, of execution more modern than the other details. May we not, therefore, infer that this temple, though undoubtedly ancient, is of Christian origin, founded, it may be, on the ruins of the Pagan sanctuary, but probably not more early than the time of Constantine? Below the cella is a dark chamber, in very massive stone masonry, low and with a flat ceiling, on which are names carved in large letters—Septimius Plebeius, Bidiali Polla. The opening of a perforation is here shown by the custode, who tells us it served for drawing off the blood of victims from the altar above; and it seems probable that the vault may belong to the Sacellum of Clitumnus mentioned by Pliny, though the existing chapel and portico be entirely of Christian structure. The interior, now occasionally used for Catholic rites, is quite plain and uninteresting. Foligno, standing on the level, nearly central to this fertile valley, surrounded by ruined walls, and almost girdled by the windings of the Topino, is a city of some importance, the meeting place of many highways that communicate with various provinces of these states. Its streets, though narrow and old-fashioned, have an aspect of activity and commerce; and the principal piazza has some handsome modern buildings, though scarcely to be noticed by the side of the ancient cathedral, whose façade also opens upon it. This is of style partly Lombardic, partly Italian Gothic, with round arches, curious arabesques, and figures of fabulous animals. The mouldings of the portal are strangely fantastic, and around its archivolt are small reliefs of the twelve zodiacal signs, with two heads (probably St. Peter and St. Paul) at the keystone; on the flat pilasters are graceful floral sculptures, representing plants rising from the mouths of animals; and two granite columns flanking the entrance are supported by lions in the same stone. A cornice above presents a fantastic array of monstrous heads and animals, some of whom are attacking and devouring each other. Two lateral doors and two round windows have been barbarously blocked up; and as for the interior, it is nothing but a poor imitation of the Roman St. Peter's.

A more *riante* landscape can scarcely be imagined than that of the Umbrian valleys, overlooked at the southern boundary of mountains by Spoleto, at the northern by Perugia. Proceeding from Foligno we pass through a region of cultured luxuriance and loveliness, below delicacies clothed with olives, or other woods of fresher green than that pale foliage, along plains where the vine, growing in almost every field, is gracefully trailed to mulberry trees, rising, together with the fig and other fruit trees, out of the same soil with leguminous plants, Indian corn, or other grain. Spello, the first town that is conspicuous from this road, stands on the slopes of a cultivated hill, like a picture arranged by the artist according to his own fancy, so perfect is the grouping of houses and towers, terrace gardens, and groves, and wooded acclivities. The birth-place of Propertius (according to local traditions) and

of Metastasio, we cannot look at this picturesque little town without supposing that the imagery of calm idyllic beauty, introduced in the allusions to Nature that give occasional charm, not borrowed from the dramatic subject, to the lyric tragedies of the latter, may have been derived from the impressions or recollections of his early life at Spello. A Roman gateway, and some massive walls of the same origin along the highway, attest the ancient importance of Spello; and the ruins of an amphitheatre, strewn almost level with the underwood around, but still sufficiently traceable in plan, attracts the eye shortly after leaving the limits still marked for this town by its Roman fortifications. Passing under the hill of Assisi, we alighted to examine the

more modern of its two great Franciscan churches, S. Maria degli Angeli, designed by Vignola, with the assistance of Alessi and Giulio Danti, but almost rebuilt after the injuries suffered from an earthquake in 1832. Though large, lofty, and well proportioned, there is nothing of solemnity, and very little of the antique, in this temple, which is, in fact, nothing more than one of the many imitations from the type supplied by St. Peter's.

The primitive chapel of the *Portiuncula*, of almost undeterminable antiquity, that stands immediately under the dome, lit by dimly-burning lamps, has something impressively mysterious that excites a visionary devotion in harmony with our idea of St. Francis. I was sorry to observe that Overbeck's

finely-conceived picture of the Redeemer and the Virgin appearing to that Saint, which occupies the triangular frontispiece over the entrance to this chapel, is already beginning to suffer from time or neglect, and abrasures or other injuries have defaced it. Leaving Assisi, we soon begin to ascend the mountain of Perugia, after that city, majestically crowning an extent of ridges, has been long in view. The scenery of this ascent, in successive terraces and slopes, has an expression of repose, a harmony of quiet and smiling beauty, that fascinates and tranquillises the mind. The massive fortifications, antique houses, and narrow silent streets of Perugia, as we entered at nightfall, seemed peculiarly characteristic and impressive.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

On Monday last information arrived that the Queen's message to the President of the United States had been received, and the answer sent; a communication has also been conveyed from the authorities of New York to the Lord Mayor. A diary kept by Mr Field of the passage of the Niagara states that the total amount of cable paid out since the splice was 1016 miles 600 fathoms, and the total distance run 882 miles. The Agamemnon paid out 1010 miles of cable, making thus a total of 2026 miles. The whole distance run by the two vessels was nearly 1600 miles from point to point, giving thus about 400 miles of wire for slack. The greatest depth indicated from the Niagara was 2424 fathoms, or nearly two miles and three quarters.

A letter from Capt. McClinton, of the yacht Fox, who was sent to make a final search for, or to gather tidings of, Sir John Franklin and his companions, dated May 24, announces that he was unable to reach the north waters. All progress was stopped in Melville Bay on the 18th of August last year, from which time until the 25th of April 1858 the vessel was in a pack of ice, and drifted with it southwards from 75° N. to 63° N., or a distance of about 1194 geographical miles. After continuing his search during this summer, it is proposed to pass the third winter at Beechy Island.

Recent events in America with reference to the Mormon establishment at the Great Salt Lake Valley have brought forth some geographical particulars relating to the locality. The valley is about 100 miles long and 20 broad. The soil is far from being a good one, producing nothing but a wild grass; and an estimate has been made that probably not more than a fourth could be made available for agricultural purposes, and then upon a laborious and expensive system of irrigation. The remainder of the valley is covered with rocks, salt lakes, and ponds. The salt, oozing up from the earth, crystallises on the surface, giving the appearance of a white shroud over a vast tract of land. The water courses are often highly impregnated with this mineral; yet by patience and perseverance the Mormons reduced the valley to a comparative state of fertility, and even gathered nutriment from the soil sufficient to support a population of 35,000 to 40,000 inhabitants.

The meteoric phenomenon of August was conspicuous in many parts of the Continent. At Vienna, on the evening of the 10th, repeated faint flashes, at first supposed to be lightning, were visible; but as darkness increased they were seen to be shooting meteors, the vividness of which increased with deepening obscurity, many of them leaving luminous trains. The brightest fell chiefly in one direction, that is, from N.N.E. to S.S.W.; but the whole heavens seemed to be sparkling with distant meteors. The heat for a few days was oppressive.

Intelligence has been received from Dr. Livingstone, who, in a letter dated June 26th, states that the expedition has safely reached the Zambesi; and that, having parted with the Pearl, he was about to proceed to Tete in the steam launch. The first attempt was made up the southern and most navigable branch; but, after ascending sixty or seventy miles of navigable river, it was found that it did not give a passage to the main stream of the Zambesi. The river Kongone was then entered, and by this the main stream was reached. Here the Pearl left them, and the inland voyage commenced. The party suffered much from the mosquitoes, neither curtains nor clothing, nor boots even, being proof against their savage onslaughts.

The attention of the Commissioners of the Inland Revenue Department having been drawn to the fact that some of the rooms in their offices are lined with green paper, they directed Mr. Phillips, the chemist to the board, to investigate Dr. Halley's statement that such paper, when coloured with arsenite of copper, has a poisonous effect upon the system. Mr. Phillips's report, which is printed in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, is perfectly conclusive in solving that question in the negative. The following is the report:—

In the *Pharmaceutical Journal* for February last, page 429, it is stated that Dr. Halley, of Harley-street, had detected arsenious acid in the atmosphere of his study, the walls of which were covered with green paper, and that the test he employed was "sheets of paper soaked in a solution of ammonio-nitrate of silver," and that upon this paper were deposited numerous well-defined crystals of arsenious acid, visible under a low power with the microscope, and that the form of these crystals precluded the possibility of a mistake. Ammonio-nitrate of silver is a test of arsenious acid, but not in the manner which Dr. Halley seems to suppose, as it does not cause the deposition of crystals of arsenious acid (which are colourless), but produces a bright yellow precipitate of arsenite of silver, provided the amount of ammonia present in the test be very exactly proportioned to that of the nitrate of silver. If such be not the case, no precipitate is produced. These particulars are mentioned because Dr. Halley appears not to have resorted to any other test, but to have concluded merely from the appearance of the crystals formed on his test paper, and without analysing them, that they must be those of the poison in question. In the following experiments, made with a view to test Dr. Halley's conclusions, the interior surfaces of two closets were covered with green paper similar to the pattern annexed. Closet A had a capacity of 17 cubic feet, and was lined with about 48 square feet of paper, or 28 square feet to each cubic foot of space. Closet B had a capacity of 26 cubic feet, and was lined with 53 square feet of paper, or 2.0 square feet to each cubic foot of space. These closets had no means of ventilation beyond the chinks round the doors; the included air, therefore, would remain much longer in contact with the paper than would be the case in an ordinary room. The surface of the paper to the bulk of air inclosed was not less than fourteen times as great as it would be in a room twenty feet square and twelve feet high, thus showing that the conditions of the experiments were highly favourable to the impregnation of the air with arsenious acid if such were possible. In each of these closets were placed two basins, one containing a solution of potash, the other ammonio-nitrate of silver, and a sheet of paper saturated with the latter reagent. Closet A was kept as much as possible from the influence of common gas. In closet B gas was allowed to burn during the daytime, the temperature of the included air being kept by the flame at from 74° to 82° F. The closets were carefully closed for 72 hours, the gas burning during that time 45 hours in closet B. The solutions of potash and ammonio-nitrate of silver from each closet were then examined by Marsh's test, which is by far the most delicate known, and found to be quite free from arsenic. The sheets of paper saturated with ammonio-nitrate of silver were also free from arsenic, but had on their surface numerous colourless crystals, which, when analysed, proved to be nitrate of silver, the evaporation of the water from the test-paper having concentrated the solution with which the paper was saturated to such an extent as to cause the nitrate of silver to crystallise out. On the test-paper was also found an amorphous substance having a dingy yellow colour, which speedily became black on exposure to light; the same substance was also observed on the surface of the ammonio-nitrate of silver contained in the basins, being most abundant in that which had remained in closet B, in which gas had been burnt. When analysed it was found to be sulphide of silver, the sulphur, no doubt, having been derived from the atmosphere of the laboratory, which always contains traces of sulphuretted hydrogen. This dingy yellow substance, which, without analysis, might be supposed by some to be arsenite of silver, was formed in a third closet, in which no arsenical compounds were present, thus proving that the green paper had no share in its production. The green paper used in the experiments is coloured with what is known as emerald or Schweinfurt green, which is a compound of arsenite of copper and acetate of copper. The paper contains 11.8 grains of arsenious acid to the square foot. The following conclusions may fairly be drawn from the experiments above described:—1. That even when a small bulk of air is allowed to remain for a considerable time in contact with a large surface of the arsenical paper, and that too at a temperature of 80° F., not the slightest trace of arsenious acid is diffused in the air. Still less might the air of an ordinary room, which occupies a large space in proportion to the surface of the walls, and which is being constantly changed by ventilation, be expected to become contaminated by the poison. 2. That the products of the combustion of gas do not facilitate the liberation of arsenious acid from the surface of the green paper. 3. That arsenious acid is not volatilised from the surface of such paper except at temperatures too high for human endurance. It is probable that persons may have been affected by inhabiting rooms papered with arsenical hangings, not because the arsenious acid has been volatilised, but from the improper and frequent sweeping of the walls, by which minute particles of arsenite of copper might be detached from those portions of the surface of the paper which were not glazed, and becoming dispersed in the air, might be inhaled by persons occupying the room at the time. This only source of danger, which might be obviated by a little management in the cleaning of a room and caution in the selection of a paper having but a little of its surface unglazed, appears not to have presented itself to the

mind of Dr. Halley, who seems to have been possessed with the idea that injury to health was to be apprehended solely from the vaporisation of the arsenious acid. Dr. Taylor, on the other hand, ascribes the danger to the fact that the colour is "put on very loosely," and, therefore, by inference, easily detached and disseminated through the air, not as vapour of arsenious acid, but as minute particles of arsenite of copper. The subject under consideration being one of much importance, I have felt it necessary to enlarge upon it; and, as Dr. Halley's statement is calculated to create an apprehension of danger which I believe has no existence, I beg to make the following remarks:—Dr. Halley states that on two occasions distinct crystals of arsenious acid were deposited on the surface of his test-paper from the air of his room. It is more than probable that if he had analysed the crystals, and not assumed their composition from their appearance under the microscope, he would have found them to be nitrate of silver. The test-paper which he used had no more effect in causing the deposition of crystals of arsenious acid than any other surface in the room would have; and to suppose that crystals of the poison were thus deposited would be to imply that the air was impregnated with arsenious acid to an extent which must be fatal to persons inhaling it for a short time. Notwithstanding his statement that the air of his room furnished crystals of arsenious acid, he subsequently says that, at ordinary temperatures, with common atmospheric air, even when an aspirator was used, the amount of arsenic given off was "inappreciably small," omitting to mention what test he employed to detect a quantity not appreciable. The purport of his remarks, however, appears to be that arsenious acid, to an appreciable extent, is only given off from arsenical paper in rooms in which gas is burnt, and that the products of the combustion of the gas combine with the arsenic in the paper. If such be the case, it is difficult to conceive how the arsenious acid can be deposited from the air of the room in a free and crystalline state. It may be proper to mention that I and my family occupied a sitting-room three years, the walls of which were covered with paper heavily laden with arsenite of copper, and that for the same period my bed-room was also papered with arsenical hangings; yet neither I nor any member of my family experienced the slightest ill effect from such paper. In conclusion, I beg to express my opinion that no danger need be apprehended from a paper such as the one annexed, in which but a small proportion of the surface is unglazed, provided ordinary care be used when removing the dust from the walls; and that, even if such care were not exercised, it is doubtful whether any pernicious effects would be felt by those inhabiting the room.

ART AND ARTISTS.

A PICTURE BY MURILLO.

THE *Leader* has inaugurated its newborn attention to fine-art affairs by impugning the judgment of those who attribute to Murillo the picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin," now shown at Messrs. Williams and Norgate's. We dislike such controversies; they never end, and never afford satisfaction. We feel, however, free to offer an impartial opinion; and if by doing so we help to dispel that scepticism and disbelief in true works of art which many are led to affect from the loose assertions of careless writers, we shall feel the satisfaction that springs from an act of justice.

We saw the picture some time ago, and greatly admired it and its remarkably unique preservation. We have again examined it with the *Leader's* comments in memory. We think the doubts expressed simply wrong and the assertions baseless. The history of the picture is reasonable and credible, and at the same time of little importance. Its present state is decidedly pure and untouched, free alike from varnish, chill, opaqueness, discolouration, or restoration of any kind; and the assertion that it has been cleaned down to the groundwork and then restored proves only a want of correct vision, or a morbid love of the disagreeable, on the part of the author of the article. We cannot express our extreme wonderment at a writer on pictures so abusing his own senses. He admits the design to be Murillo's, doubts the drawing, and denies the colouring. As usually expressed, this is stating it to be "a school picture," painted under the eye but not by the hand of the master; and of how many of the most highly-appreciated pictures may not this be said? But we are sure that a fair comparison of (by way of instance) the cherubs at the foot of the Virgin, with other similar groups, will fail to demonstrate any dissimilarity, but will, on the

contrary, show a remarkable adherence to the motive, type, and expression of the cherubs in other Murillos. The colouring of the drapery of the Virgin is not different. Though the golden background and silvery tone of this picture is not that of the best-known Murillos in this country, yet is of the master nevertheless. The opinions published in the circular are not only opposed, but the writer goes the length of asserting, without any reason stated, that Dr. Waagen could not have given that attributed to him. But ample time has passed since the first publication for that gentleman to disavow it had he wished, and we feel sure it is his opinion, and of course he will adhere to it. He also declares, "on the best authority," that Mr. Münder is wrongly described as "formerly Expert du Louvre." We are sure that this "best authority" has been misunderstood, and that Mr. Münder has the fullest right to any honour that may attach to that description. His work on "La Galerie du Louvre" has had the most beneficial effect on the management of that famous collection. In conclusion, we are convinced that the writer of the *Leader* will find no person of judgment to differ from the encomiums already generally awarded this picture, properly and correctly called "The Assumption of the Virgin," by Murillo.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE eleventh report of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts has just appeared, dated July 8. It records the addition of the Speaker to the commission. The series of metal statues of barons who signed Magna Charta in the House of Lords have been completed, and number eighteen. In St. Stephen's Hall, on the spot where the House of Commons was for centuries in the habit of assembling, the twelve statues of men who rose to eminence by their eloquence and abilities have now been completed, and the Commissioners are pleased to observe that they form objects of great interest and attraction to the public. Difficulties of lighting led to the abandonment of painting a subject in fresco in the Conference Hall. 1500*l.* voted for this object was appropriated to the painting of twenty-eight whole-length portraits of personages of the Tudor family in the Princes' Chamber, fifteen of which have been copied by Mr. R. Burchett, and are stated to "serve a decorative purpose." In the same room eleven bas-reliefs of events in the Tudor period, designed by Mr. Theed and cast by Messrs. Elkington, are complete and fixed. Of the statue of her Majesty by Gibson the report says: "The classic taste and careful completion of those works have deserved and received general approbation." In preference to oil-painting fresco has been employed to adorn the corridors of the two houses. Mr. Cope will complete the Peers' Corridor and Mr. Ward that of the Commons. It is proposed to commission Mr. MacIse to paint in fresco one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery, at the price of 1000*l.* Regret is expressed at the non-completion by Mr. Dyce of his frescoes of King Arthur in the Queen's Robing Room. Mr. Herbert has completed a cartoon of "Moses bringing down the Table of the Law," for the Peers' Robing Room, and will proceed with the fresco. The cost of the works undertaken by the commission has been limited to an annual sum of 4000*l.* since 1850. An appendix contains a plan for fixing frescoes, so as to allow of their easy removal from the compartment of the wall they occupy.

The *North British Daily Mail* says: We have had numerous inquiries as to the cause of delay in the erection of the beautiful statue of Sir Robert Peel, modelled by our townsman Mr. Mossman, and which is to be cast in bronze under that gentleman's superintendence. We took occasion some months ago, after visiting Mr. Mossman's studio, to express a very favourable opinion of the high talent which the artist had brought to bear on the subject assigned to him; and on the erection of the statue we have no doubt that the subscribers, and the public in general, will admit the justice of these remarks. On inquiry as to the delay which has taken place, we have been informed that very considerable difficulty has been experienced in getting granite blocks of sufficient size to form a pedestal. The far-famed Aberdeen granite, in so far as large stones are concerned, appears to be now almost out of the market; but arrangements have been made to secure a sufficient supply of Newry granite, which is susceptible of a beautiful polish, and the citizens may within the next three months expect to see erected, we believe, in George-square, a most truthful colossal statue of the eminent statesman.

A beautifully-chiselled marble bust of the late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, has been erected in the Necropolis over the remains of the deceased.

The *Saturday Review*, falling foul of popular photographs, says: "How far the filthy commerce which Lord Campbell proposed to check has been subverted, we have no means of knowing; but we do know that exhibitions which do not exactly fall within the scope of his bill, but which are, perhaps, better calculated to discourage than incite to a coarser description, are extremely common, and, unless we are much mistaken, have recently increased to an enormous degree. There is hardly a street in London which does not contain shops in which photographs, and especially stereoscopic photographs, are exposed for sale, which

are certainly not positively indecent, but which, it is equally clear, are expressly intended for the gratification of that prurient which Parliament tried to deprive of its coarser stimulants. We cannot, of course, enter into particulars upon such a subject; but if any of our readers will walk down the Strand, he will see numerous shop windows—in other particulars of the most respectable character—which are studded with stereoscopic slides, representing women more or less naked, and generally leering at the spectator with a conscious or elaborately unconscious impudence, the ugliness of which is its only redeeming feature. There is a brutal vulgarity and coarseness about some of these pictures which is as surprising as it is disgusting."

An exhibition of arts, manufactures, &c., which has been formed under distinguished patronage, is to be held at Willenhall, during the week commencing September 12th. The proceeds will be devoted to the extension of the public library in that town.

The *Building News* says:—"It will be remembered that at the death of the late Archdeacon Brooks, the senior rector of Liverpool, a public subscription was entered into in that town for the purpose of providing a fund for a marble statue, proposed to be placed in one of the niches in the large concert-room, St. George's Hall. A sufficient sum of money was obtained; the corporation gave its sanction to the placing of a statue in St. George's Hall; and the commission to execute the work was given to Mr. Spence, a rising young artist of Liverpool, but who has for some years had the advantage of studying under the supervision of Mr. Gibson, at Rome. The statue has arrived from Rome, and been taken to St. George's Hall, where it awaits a formal inauguration. It is said to be an excellent likeness, and a very fine work of art."

The *Builder* says: "The arrangements for the opening of the first exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture, by modern artists, under the auspices of the new Liverpool Academy of Arts, are in a forward state, some of the pictures having already arrived. Of these the most important is Sir Edward Landseer's picture of 'The Maid and the Magpie,' which has been insured by the society for 1500*l.* There is also Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's painting of 'The Horse Fair,' which has been insured for 1000*l.* Upwards of 600 pictures in all are promised."

At Chartres, the Société Archéologique d'Eure-et-Loire, and the local amateurs, have added to the exhibition of pictures by living masters a collection of the works of the great French painters. Chardin, Prudhon, Fragonard, Greuze, Latour, Boucher, Marillat, Watteau, and others, are well represented. The objects d'art are more than usually interesting, particularly some beautiful enamels by Leonard Lamoussin, from the church of St. Peter; and good specimens of ancient armour, tapestry, porcelain, &c., contribute to the interest of an exhibition which is remarkable, as confined to a province, and seldom seen out of Paris.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE Cambrian Archæological Association hold their twelfth annual meeting at Rhyl, commencing on Monday the 30th of August, and occupying an entire week in reading papers and visiting interesting localities. It is the custom of this society to meet in South Wales one year, and North Wales the next, so that both the districts are equally explored. Rhyl, the meeting place for this year, is a well-known watering place, but one scarcely deserving the honour awarded to it, except that it is situated near a railway leading to places of greater interest, and in pretty close contiguity. The Monday meeting will be chiefly one of business. On Tuesday Rhuddlan Church, Castle, and Abbey, will be visited, and Col. Morgan will receive visitors at his residence, Golden Grove; Garvey Tower or Pharos will also be examined. On Wednesday Flint Castle, Holywell, and Basingstoke will be visited, also Mostyn Hall, whose noble owner will throw open its muniments. On Thursday the excursion visits Conway, and the primæval antiquities on Llandudno Mountain. On Friday, Abergelle, Garth Camp, the Roman mines, &c., are to come in for their share of attention; and on Saturday is a closing meeting at Rhyl, where a museum is formed and will be opened during the entire week.

The restorations of Hereford Cathedral are now proceeding satisfactorily, and the decay of ages rapidly giving place to substantial repair. On the south side of the Lady chapel and lesser transept the foundations have been uncovered, and are being rebuilt. Here extensive traces of very early Norman buildings have been found in a perfect state; also a rude archway, which appears to have led to some underground chamber or passage. Many fragments of Norman sculpture have been met with, and a penny of Ethelred the Second, who died A.D. 1016. A large portion of a very fine monumental slab of the thirteenth century has also been exhumed, which will be carefully preserved with the other relics.

In pulling down the old parish church of Bowden, Cheshire, some interesting parts of an earlier Norman church have been discovered, and which have been chiefly used as building material in the construction

of the later walls. In this way has been recovered the effigy of a knight of the fourteenth century, sculptured in high relief, and more than five feet in height, which had been sawn into four pieces, and used as walling stones for the tower, having their sculptured side downward. A monumental stone to the memory of Sir William Bouthe and his two wives was also found in digging beneath the foundations of the Carrington chancel; it is curious that its existence was noted in some early memoranda made in the sixteenth century and preserved among the Harleian MSS.; but it was believed to have been long since destroyed. Many fragments of early sculpture have also been exhumed.

Some discoveries have recently been made at the Rye House, near Hoddesdon (celebrated in history for the plot concocted there in the time of Charles II.); they consist of a series of underground passages and what appears to be a prison, the existence of which was not before suspected.

The Marquis d'Azeglio, Sardinian Envoy to the Court of London, accidentally discovered at Lucerne a piece of the old Arras tapestry, which depicts the journey of Joan of Arc to the court of Charles VII. of France. She is represented as bearing her famous banner, and armed cap-à-pie. The costumes throughout are so peculiar, and so minutely accordant with those depicted on other monuments of the era when these great events took place in France, that it is believed to be a contemporary representation. The inscriptions are in German, rather rudely rendered; but the whole piece of work (measuring about three feet by two) is of much interest, and in the best possible preservation.

In digging recently at Orno (Isère) many stone coffins have been found, which appear to contain bones of the people who succeeded the Romans. Round the arm and leg bones of all of them rings of gold, silver, and bronze, more or less decorated, have been found; and upon the neck of one of them a collar of bronze rings, with pendent chains and ornaments attached.

A letter from Naples gives some account of the archæological researches now going on in the kingdom of Naples. By order of the King, Chevalier Bonucci has visited the ground of the battle of Cannæ, and has bought up a quantity of coins and other articles found there by the peasants of the neighbourhood. At some distance from this spot, near a monastery of Basilian monks, a peasant some time ago found a precious deposit of nearly 100,000 small gold pieces of the time of the Emperor Theodosius and his first successors: this treasure was contained in amphoræ of sandstone. Chevalier Bonucci has succeeded in saving a considerable number of these coins from the crucible, and enriching the Museo Borbonico with them. This treasure, it is believed, was buried a short time before some of the great battles which were fought there between the Greeks and the princes of Benevento.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

THE 136th annual gathering of "the three choirs" took place according to announcement on the 24th, at Hereford. A general flatness, as contrasted with days gone by, seemed to prevail, when the "faithful" city of Charles I. was wont to be all astir on the opening day. For this a strong reason may be found in the expressed hostility of the Dean of Hereford to the festival. The absence of so important an ecclesiastic from the city had weight with many county families who invariably patronise institutions of this character; instead, therefore, of a rush to the doors and a strife for seats, there was room enough and to spare. The floor of the nave was pretty well filled, as well as the western gallery, and a fair sprinkling in the aisles. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Waring from the General Epistle of James, chap. i., verse last. As a prelude to the service, Spohr's magnificent overture to the *Last Judgment* was played. Handel was heard in the grand *Dettingen Te Deum*, and Mendelssohn in the 42nd Psalm. In addition to these great masters of the German school were a Jubilate in G by the organist (the conductor on this occasion), and an anthem from the pen of Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., precentor of the cathedral, "The Lord is the true God." The Jubilate of Mr. Townshend Smith has a very fine duet, "Be ye sure," and a fugual concluding chorus, in which the melody of a chorale, known as the Old Hundredth, forms the groundwork. The anthem composed for a Mus. Bac. degree consists of two bass solos and two choruses, and is a very meritorious production. Excepting a slight mishap, which occurred after the third collect, the performance went off satisfactorily. It was thought an excellent stroke of policy to inaugurate the first concert with a well-known masterpiece like the Jupiter Symphony. This was nearly the last that came from the immortal composer; in it are clearly seen the revellings of an exalted taste and profound skill. Mozart, it is too true, was shelved by the patrons of co-existent and vastly inferior compositions; but posterity has discovered such extraordinary beauties in this one "rejected address," that they prize and reverence it ac-

cordingly. The members of the band played as though imbued with the true Mozartian spirit; but the audience, who ought to have caused the Shire Hall to resound with their loud acclaim, listened to it without the slightest emotion. Among the vocalists the most striking were those assigned to Mmes. Viardot and Novello, and Mr. Sims Reeves. A recitative and aria, "Non più di fiori" (*Clemenza di Tito*), sung by Viardot and accompanied by Mr. Lazarus, corno di bassetto obbligato, and some old French songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in which the singer accompanied herself, produced quite a sensation. There was also a Spanish duet, Clara Novello taking part, that astonished and delighted too. This was repeated. The great English soprano sang the well-known aria "Parto" from the before-named opera, with an accompaniment, clarinet obbligato (Mr. Lazarus), which, though exquisitely performed on the part of both, was not received in proportion to its deserts. A cavatina from *Traviata* raised a tempest of applause; but Miss Louisa Vinning declined to re-sing it. Weiss brought out a new ballad, "We were boys together," not so good perhaps as his "Blacksmith," yet an agreeable change; the sons of Vulcan must not be hammering at us for ever. The first part of the concert closed with Purcell's defiant air and chorus from *Purcell's Arthur and Emmeline*. The hero was impersonated by Reeves; but whether the band was too mighty, the chorus too weak, or a rehearsal had been overlooked, are debatable points; certain it is, "Come if you dare" failed to impress the musical assembly at Hereford as it does the generality of others in the kingdom. *Elijah*, the oratorio selected for Wednesday morning, drew a much larger auditory than the service of Tuesday. Weiss sang the music allotted to the Prophet, Viardot that belonging to Jezebel, Clara Novello took the principal soprano solos, and Reeves the tenor songs. In addition to these were Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Madame Weiss, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. Montem Smith. The oratorio appeared to be better understood and relished. All the chiefs were in excellent voice, so that the gems which so thickly beset this imperishable work increased in their radiance and intensity. Several pieces were re-demanded, and unwisely assented to. *Elijah* is a highly dramatic work; the events march on, and the rapid interlocations of the *dramatis personæ*, full of varied emotions, demand quick effects and bold transitions. Anything that checks this continuity, impairs the thread of the history. Repetitions of favourite passages are all very well when heard apart from the opera out of which they have been culled; but in the performance of the work itself, especially that of *Elijah*, any such treatment is a species of vandalism that deserves to be reprobated. The amount collected at the doors of the cathedral on this occasion was 181*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* The evening concert at the Shire Hall exhibited fuller seats and a more stylish array. The programme wore a smiling complexion, for there was something in it to please everybody. Viardot, Novello, and Reeves stood out prominently, and won encores oftener than they, in one sense, desired. A selection from *Lucresia Borgia* gave Weiss an opportunity of singing "Vieni la mia vendetta"; Reeves, "Di pescatore"; Novello, "Come è bello;" and Viardot, "Il segreto." The pieces demanded for repetition, and complied with throughout the evening, were alone sufficient for a concert of ordinary length. The instrumental performances consisted of *Oberon*, *Zampa*, and the march from *Le Prophète*.

Thursday morning's programme was made up of *Athaliah*, *Stabat Mater*, and the *Creation*. So familiar has the present generation of listeners become with the music of Haydn in his world-known work, that the difficulties of the past have vanished, and the ideas of the great instrumentalist have found a fathoming line. There is no longer any mystery in the representation of Chaos; the labyrinthine mazes travelled by the composer are easily traceable; while the transcendent beauties which clothe the forms that appear at every stage of the work are not only admired, but understood. With reference to the admission of the *Stabat Mater* into our Protestant cathedrals a wide difference of opinion exists. We go a great length with Rowland Hill's theory, that the fallen angels, to speak politely, ought not to have the monopoly, and that good music should not be despised by the classic fraternity. Composers have always taken a wide margin as to the form of sacred music. Only to the morose critics of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, we would suggest that the masses of Haydn and Mozart should be borne in mind while the ecclesiastical writings of the Swan of Pesaro are severely handled. The story of Racine's tragedy is derived from the Biblical history of the usurpation, dethronement, and death of Queen Athaliah, recorded in the 22nd and 23rd chapters of the Second Book of Chronicles. The lyrics have been set several times by eminent composers, but never with any success. An English version by Mr. Bartholomew, and the pen of Mendelssohn at length gave the story new shapes and life. There are four choral interludes appended to the four acts, interspersed with solo parts, a duo, and a trio. The drama is prefaced by an overture, and the concluding act is preluded by a war march of priests. Mesdames Novello, Weiss,

Clare Hepworth, and Miss Lascelles, were the only principals required. The music throughout evinces the great power which Mendelssohn possessed of identifying himself with his subject in all its associations, and his wonderful knowledge and ingenuity in the employment of unexpected resources. The chorus, "O, Sinai," and another for eight voices, "Lord, let us hear thy voice," was given with surprising effect. The morning service was full long, yet the audience evinced no signs of impatience or uneasiness.

The general slackness of attendance up to Thursday must necessarily entail a heavy loss on the stewards. As far as the charity itself is concerned, it must be a gainer, inasmuch as it is not dependent upon the pecuniary success of the meeting itself, but upon the eleemosynary gifts collected at the doors of the cathedral after each morning's oratorio. The reports issued by the managers state that the proceeds of these festivals have of late years averaged to each widow 20*l.*, and to each orphan 15*l.* per annum, and that there are at present upwards of thirty deserving applicants. Every truly charitable person, whether enamoured with music or otherwise, must regret that any circumstance should transpire to damp the energies of the well-disposed, or thwart a design calculated to soften and assuage the sorrows of the bereaved and helpless.

A concert, at which Albion had all the glory, was given at the Crystal Palace on the 20th inst. Excepting the three pieces set down for the great contralto, all re-sung, the programme was utterly devoid of interest. The friendly applause given to a dreamy exposition of "Wapping Old Stairs," "The Little Fat Man," &c., &c., counted for nothing in the eyes of the judicious.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MR. DICKENS'S tour has been a perfect progress of triumph. His "last reading" at Liverpool was at the Philharmonic Hall, and was numerously attended. The four readings, in spite of inclement weather, "hard times," and what in Liverpool are considered high prices, were attended by nearly 7000 persons, the "people" more particularly showing their appreciation of the kindly genius of their never-failing friend and champion, by attending the galleries in such numbers that on one occasion hundreds were unable to obtain admission. On Saturday morning Mr. Dickens paid a visit to the newly-established hospital for children, with which he expressed himself much pleased; and at night he and Mr. Arthur Smith (brother of Albert, and for the present Mr. Dickens's "business" man) left Liverpool for Dublin.

In Ireland Mr. Dickens's success has been not less conspicuous. The Dublin press is unanimous in its praise of his readings. Thus, the *Express* says: "Such clearness and flexibility of voice—such exhaustless mobility of features—such power of eye—such naturalness of gesture (wherever gesture becomes at all requisite, and only there)—and, to crown all, a manner so exquisitely unaffected, and easy, and gracefully familiar! What can one do more than say what has been already said, that Charles Dickens read his 'Christmas Carol' gloriously. He brought to our ears the mumbling tones of old Scrooge, the shrill squeak of poor Tiny Tim, and the silvery counterpoint of that plump sister of Scrooge's niece by marriage, upon whom Topper had cast an eye, and in respect of whom his conduct was so flagrantly suspicious during the game of 'Blind Man's Buff,' on that happy Christmas evening. He did this, and everything else which could add point and force and expression to his story, and when he had concluded was greeted with a shower of plaudits not less enthusiastic than that which welcomed him at the beginning."

A correspondent of the *Times* corrects a mistake into which the musical critic of that journal had fallen respecting Mr. Leslie's oratorio, *Judith*:—"In the very able notice given in your impression of to-day, with reference to the approaching Birmingham Festival, you mention the time which Mr. Henry Leslie's new oratorio *Judith* will occupy as being calculated at something less than three hours. Permit me to state that when rehearsed in full at the Hanover-square rooms, on the 13th inst., the first part took 34 minutes, the second part 25 minutes, and the third part 29 minutes—together, 1 hour and 28 minutes. Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion* and Beethoven's service in C, which follow, will require another hour and a half; and the whole of Friday morning's performances, including the usual intervals, it has been computed, will be about three hours and a half."

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: "After the opera of *Lucia*, on Saturday night last, a large crowd collected at the Theatre Royal stage entrance, where Mlle. Piccolomini's carriage was waiting to convey her to the Gresham Hotel. On her issuing from the stage door and entering her carriage the cheering of the assemblage became most vehement and enthusiastic. The fair donna smilingly acknowledged the compliment paid her. But she was hardly seated in the vehicle when the horses were unyoked from the pole in a twinkling; about 100 young gentlemen collected round the carriage, and drew it at a rapid pace to the Gresham Hotel, followed by an immense crowd, cheering heartily all the way. On the car-

riage being drawn up to the hotel door Mlle. Piccolomini alighted, amid a dense throng of enthusiastic admirers, and renewed her expression of thanks for this manifestation of popular regard. She retired within the hotel; but there the cheering recommenced with redoubled vigour, by way of conveying the general desire that the much-admired donna should present herself at the window. She at length came forth upon the balcony in front of one of the drawing-rooms of the hotel. Lights had to be held at each side of her to assure the crowd of her identity. The huzzaing, shouting, waving of hats, &c., became immense. Again and again the fair cantatrice had to gratify her worshippers by coming forth and bowing. She was led forth by Signor Giuglini, and had to remain for several minutes, while the vast breadth of Sackville-street echoed with cheers and vivas. Such a decided manifestation of public admiration and regard we do not remember to have seen conferred on any of the eminent actresses and prima donnas who have visited Dublin.

Mr. Rarey, the American horse tamer, has ended where he should have begun—in the circus. He is now exhibiting his power over Cruiser and other animals at the Alhambra Circus, in Leicester-square, and divides the admiration of that portion of the public which frequents that place of entertainment, with Mr. F. Waller, the celebrated clown.

The *Morning Advertiser* says: "We understand that Mr. John Townsend, M.P. for Greenwich, has been offered and accepted an engagement at one of the metropolitan theatres at a salary of 25*l.* per week. Mr. Townsend's engagement is for fifty nights. Though the fact is not generally known, Mr. Townsend has, on various occasions, represented, with decided success, some of Shakspeare's principal characters, in furtherance of the cause of charity. In the present case he is to appear, we are told, on the histrionic boards for the sole purpose of assisting in the liquidation of the claims of his creditors—the only consideration, we are assured, which could have induced him to accept the offer made to him. As a preliminary step, he will at once resign his seat in the House of Commons. We are further informed that, at Mr. Townsend's own request, the proceeds of his engagement will be received by trustees, and handed over to his creditors at the termination of the engagement; and the moment the whole of his present debts are discharged, he will, we are told, at once and for ever leave Shakspeare and the stage to those professionals who will possibly claim the characters he will be called upon to play as their more immediate right."

M. Beneventano and other artists of her Majesty's Theatre have arrived in Paris on their way to Italy, after the close of that theatre. Mr. Lumley is already, we hear, on the Continent, occupied in making engagements for the next season. Madame Celeste, directress of the Royal Adelpi Theatre, London (now re-building), is at present in Paris, en route to Switzerland, for the benefit of her health and repose after the fatigues of a long London season.

Respecting the Commission for fixing the Musical pitch, the correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* says:—"One of the most curious developments of imperial activity in France was the issue of the recent commission for the purpose of attaining a 'uniform diapason' or pitch. As Louis Napoleon has not thought the subject unworthy of his notice, I may be pardoned for saying a word or two on it. The commission—which, it must be admitted, is admirably constituted—is still sitting; but its labours are already sufficiently advanced for *on dits* of their probable results to be circulated in Paris. One of the best accredited, I hear, is that the present prevailing concert pitch in France will be lowered half a tone—a rumour which has created no little consternation amongst those who perform upon instruments of which the "pitch" is fixed."

The Italian journals announce the production of two new operas. The most important is that of Ferrari's "Il Matrimonio per Concorso," the powerful rôles of which were confided to Madame Becabadati, Crivelli, and Zucchini. It does not appear that any great success attended the opera. At the San Carlo of Naples, Maestro Miceli produced an opera called "La Fidanzata," also accompanied with doubtful success. We continue to look in vain for any new composer likely to add any work of real merit to the musical library of the Italian lyrical drama. Verdi is said to have a couple of new operas in his portfolio, but no one knows when they will be produced.

A Hungarian, M. Leon Humar, has, according to the *Emancipation* of Brussels, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert at the National Theatre he played, by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjacent room.

THE THEATRES.

AN out-of-season and unexpected theatrical event occurred on Thursday in the launching of a well-built and completely-rigged comedy entitled *Extremes*; or, *Men of the Day*, at the Lyceum Theatre. It is composed, compiled, arranged, written, and produced by Mr. Edmund Falconer, who is an actor as well as an author, and therefore fully understands that mere writing is not

the most important part of a comedy, and that the grouping, contrasting, and management of his characters are an essential means of success in the theatre. The author of "Money" laid down a plan for modern comedies that most authors now follow. By this system the time-honoured characters of an old curmudgeon father, an extravagant son, with a dangling friend, an eccentric young man, an intriguing lady, ditto one all girlhood and simplicity, an artful lady's maid, a country bumpkin, and a low-comedy servant, were removed from the boards of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, where the genius of Murphy, Morton, Reynolds, and Hollcroft had fixed them in undisputed away for half a century. When the illustrious Baronet took the stage in hand he very properly thought it time to put aside these models, which had become a little faded and tarnished by wear; and with considerable talent, though without any real genius, he introduced a new set of personages to the stage, who looked like real dramatic characters, but on examination will be found to be as fictitious as their predecessors. They served, however, as types of new manners—or in the grandiloquent language of some of the personages, "they symbolised the age, and again held up a mirror instead of a piece of tapestry, if not to nature, to society."

Mr. Falconer—a gentleman, by the way, already favourably known by the "Cagot" and other poetical plays—has judiciously taken the modern model for his comedy, with a backward glance at the popular portions of the older genres, and with now and then a gleam of invention of his own. He takes a broad canvas, and puts on it a large and varied group, divided into three sections or acts. The characters are scarcely new; for we have the fashionable and conventional baronet, Sir Lionel Norman; the Honourable Augustus Adolphus, his foppish friend, and the foolish swell of our day; Dr. Playfair, the type of the hard science of the day, who takes from the old comedy the idea of a catch word, "I object," which is made to strike in quaintly in many places. The level but cultivated intellect of the time is shown in Mr. Edward Digby, a barrister; but the high instructive, sentimental, oratorical, satirical, yet mournful genius of the age is typified in Frank Hawthorne, the son of a poet, and himself an author. This is a true Bulwerian creation—a mixture of an English gentleman, ancient philosopher, and modern poet. The low comedy, which is the best and most original portion of this play, is the Lancashire country booby, scarcely now a reality, and with too much of Tony Lumpkin and too little of 1858, but still with much humour and fun; and the fashionable footman, Mr. James Dodsworth, formed on the immortal Thackeray type of this new and distinguished member of modern society. The management of these two characters, the situations invented for them, and their characteristic utterances, are the salt of the drama, and show us that Mr. Falconer possesses the requisites of a very successful dramatist. The women of the piece have little in them that is original. Mrs. Vavasour is the high-bred mother, with all the prejudices of her class. Her daughter Lucy is the heroine, who has some of them, but who vibrates between splendour and rank and the heroic qualities of her somewhat morbid lover, Frank Hawthorne. Miss Euphemia Cholmondeley is a high-born young lady, who has no objection to a rich commoner for a husband. Miss Jenny Wildbriar is more of a character, and, passing out of the hoysen class, becomes, by the dint of good natural sense, a shrewd observer and a cunning fencer in the artificial world in which she gets involved. Mrs. Betsy Wildbriar, the Lancashire widow, is slightly exaggerated, but is a very clever portrait of a rich vulgar country-bred woman. She makes up the complement of the Wildbriar family, which forms the real comedy of the play.

The plot and framework by which these puppets are set in motion is the will of a millionaire, who devises that the half of his fortune shall go to Lucy Vavasour, the aristocratic beauty, and to Frank Hawthorne, the low-born man of intellect, if they agree to marry within six months of the decease of the donor. If either refuses, he or she forfeits their portion; and if they both decline, then the fortune goes to the endowment of a school. The time of the drama is occupied in the conduct of the parties relating to this curious will. Miss Vavasour has a tendency towards Frank; but her womanly pride is piqued by his conduct, and she nearly loses him by affecting errors of temper and manners she does not really possess. The high-minded gentleman of course blunders into a low suspicion, and at last resigns her, although she agrees to accept him and the fortune, because he attributes to her a mercenary motive. The fortune thus becomes the lady's, and she then bestows it and herself on her moody lover, which is almost more than he deserves, notwithstanding his superior intellect and exalted soul.

It were tedious to relate the underplot of the Baronet who vibrates between the two heiresses, and all the incidents in the courtships of Robin Wildbriar and Miss Cholmondeley, and Miss Wildbriar and Mr. Everard Digby. Nor can we give an idea of the solemn and lofty sentimentousness of the hero; but we advise that as much of the serious part and as little of the broad comedy part be cut away as is possible, without interfering with the plot and story.

Considering the circumstances under which this

comedy has been produced, its genuine and perfect success is a marvel, as well as the excellent manner in which, as a whole, it was acted. With the town empty, the theatre closed, and only reopened to produce this play, it is a singular triumph of genuine talent over difficulties; and to add to these Mr. Falconer, the author, had to undertake the personation of his own high-speaking hero. Under all these circumstances a much less triumphant result might have been deemed a success.

Every one exerted themselves to the utmost, and we may particularise as peculiarly excellent the acting of Mrs. Weston as the Lancashire widow; Mr. Rogers's Jeames (the character of the play); Mr. Emery's Robin Wildbriar; Miss Kate Saxon's Jenny Wildbriar; and Mrs. Charles Young's, as the high-bred heroine. Mr. Fitzjames was painstaking as the Baronet; Mr. F. Charles characteristic, as the silly young man of fashion; Mr. Barrett very solid and humorous as Dr. Playfair; Mr. Garden threw a gleam of character into the punctual lawyer; and Mrs. Wallis and Miss C. Weston enacted their quiet parts judiciously. The audience were enthusiastic in their applause, and the genuine success of the comedy is proved beyond doubt by the theatre being reopened for a brief season to permit of its repetition.

The only other theatrical incident of the week has been the opening of Drury Lane Theatre for a week, to give Mr. Anderson and Miss Elsworthly an opportunity of what is termed taking leave of a metropolitan audience, previous to their departure for California. The style of this tragedian is too well known to require comment; but we cannot think that his sojourn at the East-end theatres has improved his taste. The three characters he has selected for these final performances are Ingomar, Claude Melnotte, and Macbeth—a strange mixture of the old and new drama, which might furnish food for dissertation had we time or space to indulge in it. His performance of Ingomar, the barbarian who is civilised by the gentle arts of a Greek beauty, is his best personation; and he has made this character after a fashion his own. There is little that suggests the German barbarian, but much that shows a powerful vulgar brute, not unkindly in nature, who is softened, and to a degree polished, through his love for a woman. Mr. Anderson's rough and somewhat boisterous humour, and his great physical powers, delight the majority of his audience, and thus the character is one of the most successful in his repertory. Miss Elsworthly acts with some grace and much taste, and has become an agreeable and sensible performer.

LITERARY NEWS.

The authorities at the British Museum have given notice that the admission of the public will be suspended on Monday next, until Wednesday, the 8th of September, when the galleries will be re-opened to the public at the usual hours, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and the Saturday afternoon admission ceases to-day, until May 1859, when it will be resumed. The National Gallery will be closed for the annual vacation on the 9th proximo, until the 25th of October, when the days of admission will be changed to Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, instead of Thursday, as heretofore.

A public meeting of the London Mechanics' Institute was held on Friday, the 20th of August, in the theatre, Southampton-buildings, Mr. W. L. Birkbeck, president, in the chair. The object of the meeting was to receive the report of a special committee appointed in 1856 to collect funds to relieve the institution of its building and floating debts. The committee reported that they have collected the sum of 681.16s., and have further donations announced amounting to 471.3s. Out of this they have paid 10l. to the institution for a specific purpose. They have incurred expenses in making repeated applications to the Government, amounting to 20l. 1s. 4d. The committee reports that it is at present almost impracticable to collect a fund for the payment of the building debt of the institution, and that the best course will be to appeal to the public for funds to meet pressing emergencies, and especially for the reduction or extinction of the rent. For the sum of 3500l. the lease could be purchased, and thus the institution could be relieved from the heavy rent of 200l. The committee proposes that an appeal be made for at least 1500l., leaving the remainder to be raised by mortgage of the lease, by which means the annual rent would be materially reduced. The report was unanimously adopted by the meeting, and subscriptions were announced, in furtherance of the objects contemplated by the committee, amounting to 160l. The committee was reappointed, and the president expressed a strong conviction that its efforts would be ultimately successful. The following resolutions were carried unanimously:—"That the committee be empowered to collect subscriptions for the purchase of the lease of the institution, and that the special committee report progress and donations received to each quarterly meeting. That the auditors of the institution be appointed auditors of the committee's account."

The *Statesman* says: "The following passage from Peter Cunningham's 'Town and Table Talk,' in the last number of the *Illustrated London News*, has very

likely been obscure to many a reader of that widely-spread contemporary; and as the subject is a not unimportant one, we think it worth while to give a few explanatory hints regarding it; the more so as it refers to a most worthy man, now among our departed Indian heroes. Says Mr. Cunningham: 'The East India Company expires with partridges, on the 1st of September. What, it is asked, did the Company do for literature? Men well informed reply, "Nothing." The Leadenhall-street support of literature was confined to a subscription of forty copies for a book. It was once in the power of a chairman (shall we mention his name?—Captain Shephard) to break the heart of the ablest author Indian literature has given to European literature. But Captain Shephard was not Currie.' The 'author' here alluded to, and whose name is modestly withheld, is, we may inform our readers, the late Major Cunningham, brother to the writer of the 'Town and Table Talk.' Major Cunningham, of the Royal Artillery, some seven or eight years ago, held a very important civil appointment, under the Indian government, worth some 2000l. per annum. He had enjoyed this situation for a considerable time, to the complete satisfaction of his superiors, when he appeared as an author before the public in his 'History of the Sikhs.' The history, still reckoned to be the best on the subject, was impartial enough, and without the least bias *pro* or *contra* Leadenhall-street. There was, however, some plain speaking in the book, which gave offence to certain authorities, and they forthwith, without any warning or a single word of explanation, ordered him to 'join his regiment.' And so they 'broke the heart' of a gallant soldier, who now sleeps his last sleep beneath the reddened soil of the plains of Hindostan."

Mr. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, who is now lecturing in Ireland on "The State and Progress of Religion on the Continent," was married in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, on the 14th instant, to Miss Fanny Hardy, third daughter of the Rev. J. Hardy, Rector of Kilkullen.

On Tuesday last the Foresters' fête was held at the Crystal Palace, when the unprecedented number of 43,989 visitors was admitted on payment. This fact speaks volumes for the perfection to which the arrangements of the Palace have now been brought.

The Chess Congress, held under the auspices of the British Chess Association, has been this year held at Birmingham, Lord Lyttelton presiding, and Lord Crenorne and Sir John Blunden being vice-presidents. The list includes some of the most eminent players in Europe. Mr. Morphy, the hitherto triumphant player from America, is at Birmingham, but will not take any part in the tournament. Having conquered Herr Löwenthal in the match for 100l., the only foeman in England "worthy of his steel" is Mr. Staunton, and how the match with that gentleman now stands we have already explained. Mr. Morphy's principal object in visiting Birmingham is, we understand, to bring Mr. Staunton to terms, which the latter has hitherto avoided coming to. Meantime the friends of our English champion are attempting, not very creditably, to throw doubt upon the *bona fides* of Mr. Morphy. A member of the Birmingham Chess Club, writing in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, roundly asserts that Mr. Staunton's reason for not playing Mr. Morphy is that the latter gentleman is not provided with the stakes. Now, not only is this absolutely untrue, but the very contrary is the fact. Mr. Morphy is provided with funds enough to play Mr. Staunton for any reasonable sum; but the stakes on the other side have been subscribed for, and, if what we hear be true, only four fifths have been collected. We are also informed that Mr. Morphy has invited Herr Andersen to visit this country for the purpose of playing him, and has offered to pay his travelling expenses if he accepts the invitation. Up to Thursday night the results of the play at the Birmingham Congress had placed Löwenthal, Staunton, St. Amant, Owen, and Falkbeer at the head of the poll.

It is a remarkable fact (says the Arbroath correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser*) that by the popularisation of the Waverley Novels the visitors to our Abbey this season are generally more conversant with the "Antiquary" than formerly. They can point out quite correctly the spot where Edie Ochilree and Lovel hid themselves when they terrified the German impostor Dousterswivel; and the way of the Abbot as he came to overhear the monks "caterwauling at their psalms." After examining the ruins of St. Ruth, not a few betake themselves to the cliffs, and there fancy the predicament in which the tide-imprisoned party had been placed, concluding with a piscatory repast in the celebrated hostelry of Musselcraig, Auchmithie.

On the question of the durability of the Atlantic Cable, the *Engineer* says: "The cable having been laid, questions which have for a time been set aside again become prominent. Among the chief of these is the probability of its continuance. Is it likely to last for any considerable time now it is laid? The considerations affecting this question divide themselves into two classes—those which affect the shore ends of the cable, and those which relate to the deep sea portion. The former of these needs no discussion, because we have already had sufficient experience to prove that, with ordinary precautions, submarine cables run but little risk of injury near the shore; and at Valencia there are even fewer sources of

danger, we believe, than at many other places, in consequence of the absence of shipping from that part of the coast. We are unacquainted with the nature of the Newfoundland coast at the point at which the cable is landed; but there is no ground for believing it other than well selected. With regard to the deep-sea portion of the cable, we see no reason for apprehending its destruction. It has already existed for two weeks, and this affords excellent ground for confidence in its durability, at least for a considerable period. It is, of course, impossible to predict how long the insulation of the wires may remain intact, after the many forces and novel circumstances to which the cable has been subjected. There are good reasons for believing that the conditions of water low down in deep seas are highly favourable to the durability of a cable. We may confidently believe that the greater part of the Atlantic cable is now surrounded by water which is so still and so low in temperature as to retain it in security for a long time to come."

The *Oxford Journal* says: "We have authority for stating that the announcement which has appeared in several local and London papers of the resignation of the Vice-Chancellorship of this university by Dr. Williams is not altogether correct. Dr. Williams has not actually resigned, but he has asked permission of Lord Derby to retire from office on the usual day in October, when there is always a new nomination made by the Chancellor of the University. Until that period arrives, Dr. Williams will continue to hold the office of Vice-Chancellor, the duties of which he has so ably and courteously discharged during the past two years."

Referring to our proposition respecting the anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, the *Dumfries Standard* says: "When thus referring to the national bard, we may mention that a scheme for celebrating the centenary anniversary of his birth has been mooted in a London literary journal—*THE CRITIC*. It will be a hundred years on the 25th of January next since the day dawned to which Burns made allusion in the well-known lines:

Our monarch's hindmost year but aye
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew handsel in on Robin.

The idea timeously thrown out of commemorating in some national manner the hundredth return of the bard's natal day is a good one, and we reproduce it thus publicly that it may not be overlooked in the district so closely associated with his name and fame."

The programme for the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the British Association, to be held in Leeds next month, has just been published. The meeting will commence on Wednesday, the 22nd September, under the presidency of Professor Owen, Major-General Sabine acting as general secretary and Professor Phillips as assistant general secretary. The local secretaries will be the Rev. Thomas Hincks, W. S. Ward, Esq., and Thos. Wilson, Esq. The Town Hall will be open as the reception room on Monday the 13th September, and afterwards during the meeting, for supplying lists and prices of lodgings, lists and addresses of members, and for giving information regarding the proceedings of the sections; and gentlemen who desire to attend the meeting are requested to make personal application at the reception room for tickets, which will admit to all the sectional and general meetings. Without a proper ticket no person will be admitted to any of the meetings. The general committee will hold its first meeting in the Town Hall, on Wednesday the 22nd at one p.m., for the election of sectional officers, and the dispatch of business usually brought before that body. The general committee will meet again in the same room, on Monday, the 27th, at three, for the purpose of deciding on the place of meeting in 1859. The concluding meeting of the committee will be held in the same room, on Wednesday, the 29th, at one p.m., when the report of the recommendations will be received. The first general meeting will be held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, September 22, at half-past eight p.m., when the Rev. — Humphrey, D.D., F.R.S., &c., will resign the chair, and Professor Owen, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., will deliver an address as president elect. The different sections will meet in the room appointed for them in the Town Hall, for the reading and discussion of reports and other communications, on Thursday, Sept. 23; Friday, 24; Saturday, 25; Monday, 27; and Tuesday, 28, at eleven a.m. Persons desirous of reading communications in any section are requested to give early notice of their intention by letter addressed to the assistant general secretary, or to the local secretaries for the Leeds meeting. There will be seven sections, viz.:—(A) Mathematical and Physical Science—President: Rev. W. Whewell, D.D., F.R.S. (B) Chemical Science—President: Sir John Herschel, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S. (C) Geology—President: William Hopkins, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S. (D) Zoology and Botany, including Physiology—President: Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.S.E. (E) Geography and Ethnology—President: Sir R. I. Murchison, D.C.L., F.R.S. (F) Economical Science and Statistics—President: E. Baines, Esq. (G) Mechanical Science.—W. Fairbairn, Esq., F.R.S. On the Thursday evening there will be a conversazione in the Town Hall, commencing at half-past eight

o'clock; on Friday evening Professor Phillips will deliver a discourse on the Ironstones of Cleveland; on Monday evening the President (Professor Owen) will deliver a discourse on the Fossil Quadrupeds of Australia; and on Tuesday evening there will be a conversazione in the Town Hall, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. The concluding general meeting will take place in the Town Hall on Wednesday the 29th. The proceedings of the general committee, and the grants of money sanctioned by it, will then be stated.

On Thursday a meeting of the proprietors of the Liverpool Library was held in the committee rooms of that institution, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. John Perrie, the librarian, a testimonial of their appreciation of his merits, and the manner in which he has discharged his duties during forty-three years. The testimonial, consisting of a timepiece and 150 sovereigns, was presented by Mr. J. A. Picton, with a speech strongly eulogistic of Mr. Perrie.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, who were nominated trustees for the adjudication of a prize of 300*l.* offered by a member of the Civil Service of the East India Company for the best exposition of the Hindoo systems of philosophy and refutation of their fundamental errors, have decided upon dividing the prize between the two best essayists, viz. the Rev. Joseph Mullens, missionary of the London Missionary Society, and Dr. James R. Ballantine, Principal of the Government College at Benares.

A letter has been received in America from W. C. Bryant, Esq., the distinguished poet, who has been travelling in Europe for many months, declining the honourable office of Regent of the University of the State of New York, to which he was elected by the last Legislature.

The sale of the curious and extensive collection of books and manuscripts of the late Dr. Bliss concluded on Saturday, at the Rooms of Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, realizing a total of 628*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* Among the manuscripts a short autograph note from Charles I. to his Queen produced 14*l.* A letter from Sir William Dugdale to the Earl of Clarendon sold for 6*l.* An extraordinary note from Lord Inchiquin to Charles II., soliciting a reprieve for "a poor creature falsely accused of increasing coyness, which, had it been true, is hardly a fault, when there is scarce any to be had," brought 5*l.* A letter from the Duke of Ormonde to Queen Catherine, 4*l.* 10*s.*, and another to the Earl of Anglesey, 4*l.*; and the rest of the Ormonde correspondence 80*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* A collection of 20 early charters, commencing with one from King John to Beaulieu Abbey, 50*l.* Autograph poems by the celebrated Parliamentary General, Sir Thomas Fairfax, containing metrical versions of the Psalms, &c., 86*l.* 10*s.* *Horæ B. Maris Virginis*, with illuminations by a Flemish artist, 18*l.* 5*s.* Autograph unpublished poems of N. Oldisworth, while student of Christchurch, and now in the year 1644 transcribed for his wife, 10*l.* *Psalterium Davidis*, written in the 12th century by an English scribe, but wanting the beginning, 22*l.* *Psalterium Latine*, written in the 13th century by an English scribe, and curiously adorned with the arms of noble families then existing in England,—the Nevilles, Warrens, Cliffords, &c. 30*l.* A splendid manuscript of the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi, 80*l.*

We understand that the first volume of Professor Masson's "Life of Milton," which is, in fact, to be a history of the poet's time as well as a biography, is nearly ready for the press, and will soon be brought out by the Messrs. Macmillan, of Cambridge, the publishers of several of the works of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and of Alexander Smith's latest volume of poems.

A letter from Spain states that the stamp-tax on newspapers produced in July last 77,129 reals. The newspapers that are sent abroad to foreign countries are not liable to the tax, which is only paid on those which circulate in the country. It appears from the statement in the *Gazette* that the principal journal of the Absolutist party, the *Esperanza*, and the two liberal prints, the *Novedades* and the *Iberia*, have the greatest number of subscribers. It must not be supposed, however, that there are more newspaper readers among the Absolutists than among the Liberals. The fact is that the Liberal party supports the greatest number of newspapers, while the Carlist or Absolutist party has only one or two. Besides, in the villages it is generally the parish priest who chooses the Madrid journal for his parishioners, and he naturally fixes upon the organs that oppose progress, denounce free trade, and express regret at the fall of the Inquisition.

The proprietors of the *Illustration* brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against the proprietors of the *Monde Illustré* for the injury done to them by the latter journal appearing in the same form and with the same arrangement of illustrations and literary articles as theirs. But the tribunal dismissed the action, on the ground that the two journals not only present a difference in title, but in the illustrations which serve them as a frontispiece, also in the price and in the subjects treated, the *Monde Illustré* abstaining from politics; likewise that, when upwards of a year ago the *Monde Illustré* was started, the proprietors of the *Illustration*, so far from thinking that it would do their journal injury, published an

article asserting that it could not, at the price at which it was to be sold, possibly succeed. The tribunal, however, blamed the proprietors of the *Monde Illustré* for having, when the journal was started, announced that the price of it would be "reduced" to half that of the *Illustration*.

At Nantes, a few days since, two first-rate masters of fence, warm friends, subsequently jealous rivals, and finally deadly enemies, determined to settle their differences by a *combat à l'outrance*. The duel opened with an elaborate and formal salute on both sides that lasted some ten minutes. The serious part of the business then began. Such, however, was the skill of the two antagonists, that it was only after a protracted engagement that one succeeded in slightly wounding his opponent's arm. The seconds here interposed, and sought to bring about a reconciliation. The wounded man mildly observed, "Je ne demande pas mieux." Whereupon his adversary, springing at him with a loud shout, gave him a tremendous box on either ear. In a moment they were, of course, at work again, each resolved to take the other's life. The wounded man avenged his insult by passing his sword completely through his antagonist's right arm. The seconds again interposed, and now induced the two men to shake hands and promise forgiveness. "Now it's all over," said the one whose ears still tingled, "tell me what on earth induced you to hit me two such blows." "Simply because you said 'Il ne demande pas mieux que de ne pas me battre.'" "On the contrary," replied the other, "I said 'Que moi je ne demandais pas mieux.'" The party with his arm in a sling here exclaimed, "Ah! Sapristi! j'avais compris que tu disois—Il ne demande pas mieux!"

By a decree of the 3rd the Universal Exhibition of Industry, which was to have taken place at Vienna in 1859, has been put off to a period which will be hereafter fixed.

The *Milan Gazette* of the 22nd instant is entirely printed in azure letters, and adorned with rose-coloured vignettes on its first page, to celebrate the birth of the hereditary Prince of Austria. The number contains various congratulatory compositions on that happy event, which, it says, coincides so providentially with the boons just granted to the Lombardo-Venetians by the Emperor, and with the laying down of the Atlantic cable!

CORRESPONDENCE.

VERBAL CRITICISM.

SIR,—I had attributed the use of the expression "I am going to," instead of "I am going to do so," to mere carelessness, till I saw in your paper of 21st July last a letter from Mr. C. Reade justifying it. Would he in answer to the question, "Are you going to leave London?" reply "I am about to," or "I wish to," or "I think I ought to," &c.? Or if I were to ask him if he were writing another book, would he answer "I think of"—*subaudito verbo*, as he calls it? As there is no academy in England or other body authorised to decide such points, we can only appeal to the usage of our best authors; and I doubt if a single instance of this use of the word *to* (omitting the verb) can be found in the works of any standard English prose writer prior to the last thirty years. I add this qualification, because I fear that the (to me objectionable) practice has of late been growing up under the sanction of Mr. C. Reade and others.—I am, Sir, &c. T. L. N. Athenæum Club.

PROPER NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I see in your review of Mr. Ferguson's interesting work on proper names a statement, on his authority, that the name "Dobell" signifies "Dove." I believe the word "Dobell" is considered to be a combination of two Armoric words—*Do*, God; and *Beul*, mouth—the name, "God's mouth," being probably borne by some local prophet or soothsayer of the superstitious island to which it belongs. "Campbell" and other proper names ending in "bell" are well known to have a similar etymon. The ancient arms of the Dobells (a doe between three bells), confirmed (not granted) to them by the celebrated Camden nearly three centuries ago, would seem to show that at a remote period not tradition of what Mr. Ferguson takes to be the origin of the name was known to the family or to the "Kings-at-Arms."—I am, Sir, &c. C. N.

VERBAL CRITICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In self-defence I am obliged to ask your indulgence for an answer to Mr. Charles Reade's furious onslaught upon me in your last number. He commences by saying that I maintain on a "single authority," viz., Webster and myself, that "plastic" means "supple." This reminds me of a laughable circumstance I once witnessed in the house of a certain civic knight, who was not remarkable for his classical attainments. His butler had neglected some order, and was very impertinent when rebuked for it, upon which the knight exclaimed, "I'd have you

know, sir, that there is but *one* master in this house, and that's Lady—and myself."

Now, in fact, I never expressed any opinion of my own upon the meaning of the word "plastic." I merely pointed out that Webster gave it a *wider* definition than Mr. Reade did; and, although that authority might not have quite as much weight as Dr. Johnson's, I thought it was at least entitled to more respect than to be called "downright nonsense." I agree with you, that in "strict philology" Mr. Reade is right, and that "plastic clay" means "clay which is used for plastic operations." But Mr. Reade has hitherto fought strenuously against all such arbitrary definitions of particular words, especially when, as in this case, custom sanctions a different sense. I certainly differ, and shall always differ, from Mr. Reade as to the correctness of certain passages which he defends, in his own works; but I do not therefore charge him with ignorance (though he pays me that delicate compliment). I only impute to him occasional carelessness, arising perhaps from hurry—in other words, "loose writing," which is exactly what he finds fault with in others. I readily admit that a man may point out defects in others, without being absolutely perfect himself. Were it not so, I, for one, should have no right to comment upon Mr. Reade's supposed errors. My invariable rule, when I have any doubt upon a question of grammatical accuracy, is to rely upon a reference to our most approved authors; and if Mr. Reade will show me a single instance in the works of Sir W. Scott, Southey, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, James, &c., of the word "to," as a sign of the infinitive mood, being used *verbo subaudito* (except, of course, when put into the mouths of some of the characters), or if he finds any of the other phrases I remarked upon in my last letter, I will yield the point at once. Still more difficult, I think, would it be to obtain any support for his theories from the classical writers of the last century—the Steeles, the Addisons, the Goldsmiths, Fieldings, Richardsons, or Lytteltons! And I should like to know what Dr. Johnson would have said to such *idioms* (Mr. R. called them *idioms* in one of his letters) as "I don't remember a word of him, and didn't want to," or "he was to breathe the same air as her." He would have crushed the offender with his ponderous rebuke.

Mr. Reade kindly assures me that his "remarks on 'plastic' were not intended to wound Harbottle." Why, how should they, when he had never heard of Harbottle? I can assure him, in return, that Harbottle never felt the wound. He is determined, however, that I shall not long remain under an obligation for his forbearance, since he now abuses me, not only for ignorance, but personality, malice, unscrupulous ill-nature, and even a want of Christian charity! What can he mean? What personal feeling can I have against a man I have never seen or heard of in my life, except as a public writer?—and in that character surely I have a right to criticise him. I am no rival author—I have never written a book, and never shall. I am an old county magistrate, living in retirement, and having, I own, in addition to other infirmities, a little *cacoethes scribendi*, which I exercise for amusement only. But I have quite done with Mr. Reade; for at my time of life I dare not contend with a gentleman who is so inflammable. I hear no malice to him or any human being; and, with at most but a few years to look forward to, I could wish to die in charity with all men. I am, Sir, &c.

Cecil Harbottle.

VERBAL CRITICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—Mr. Harbottle has cited as specimens of bad grammar with which I am chargeable, the following heterogeneous examples:—A. "You mustn't tell me she paints her face, *without 'tis* with cold water." B. "Here's your *one's* book! My *one's* book!" said Mrs. Oldfield. C. "Without she was a fool," said Rose. D. "Of course you did not know she was returned." E. "Not sorry of an opportunity." F. "Drifted vaguely." G. "He was to breathe the same air as her." Now of these seven examples, the first four are not written by me in my character, but spoken by my *dramatis personae*. A story consists of narrative, comment, and dialogue. The narrative and comment are the author's; but the dialogue is not the author. The dialogue is not supposed to be written at all, but to be spoken by the interlocutors. So different is the spoken language of every nation from its written language, that every true artist in fiction introduces into his dialogue colloquialisms that would be unbecomingly and offensive in his narrative. Even where the interlocutors are educated persons he must do this, or wholly misrepresent human conversation. But where those interlocutors are half-educated or uneducated people, he must insert in the dialogue not colloquialisms only, but some vulgarity, and some deliberate bad grammar. The *Saturday Review* has given an opinion, which I cite as a comment on Mr. Harbottle's first four instances:—"Mr. Reade makes his miners talk as miners would talk, not like gentlemen and poets in shooting-jackets. If he paints a country girl, she is like one, not like a marchioness, with the hat and crook of a shepherdess. His magistrates, navvies, and thieves, move, talk, and behave as we know they ought to do." (*Sat. Rev.* Aug. 1856.)

Per contra, Mr. Harbottle thinks it makes little difference "Davusne loquatur an heros," and no difference at all "Davusne loquatur an auctor." A. is supposed to be spoken by a country attorney 100 years ago, and is not at all out of character; B. by a raw girl from Shropshire; C. and D. by Berkshire farmers. A scribbler, perhaps, would have set all these talking like purists; but why should I?

E. and G. being written in my own character, are open to criticism. E. "not sorry of an opportunity," is perfectly good grammar. Why not "sorry of," as well as "glad of"? The construction is the same—the analogy perfect; and the phrase is three centuries old. We say "sorry for," in speaking of a thing past; but it does not follow we may not say "sorry of" a chance or opportunity. Here, as usual, is analogy ("glad of") and custom on one side; a mere *ipse dixit* of Mr. Harbottle on the other. F. "drifted vaguely," is perfectly good grammar; it is a little pedantic—"vaguely" was sufficient.

I have reserved a triumph for a detractor whom I have treated with some severity. G., "he was to breathe the same air as her," was written by me in my own character, and is neither more nor less than a most atrocious blunder. It shall be corrected forthwith. I should congratulate Mr. Harbottle on his hit, if it was not accompanied by twelve misses; and should return him my courteous thanks for it, if he had not conveyed his discovery in an unbecoming manner.—I am, Sir, &c.

Garrick Club, Aug. 26.

CHARLES READE.

OBITUARY.

HARLEY, John Pritt, died at his house in Gower-street, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As Mr. Harley was one of the oldest actors upon the stage, and had held a permanent position in his profession for very many years, he was regarded as a link between the past and present generations of actors. He was born in London in the month of February 1790, and early adopted the stage as his profession. After several country engagements, he made his *début* in the metropolis at the Lyceum (then the English Opera House) on the 13th of July 1815, in the character of Marcellus in "The Devil's Bridge," and Peter Fidget in "The Boarding House." Shortly afterwards he appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Lissardo, in "The Wonder." Since that time Mr. Harley has never lost the public favour; being distinguished alike for the genuine solidity of his style of acting, the richness of his humour, and the unflagging elasticity of his spirits. Loving his profession for its own sake, Mr. Harley took perhaps less of what is called holiday than any other actor. He was never so happy as when upon the stage, and in later years many have been astonished to see how the somewhat feeble old man brightened up and grew young and strong under the magic influence of the new dress and the new part. As he certainly held very good engagements and was a man of peculiarly economical and saving habits, it is expected that Mr. Harley has made a very considerable fortune, and as he has only left behind him two relatives, sisters, nearly as old as himself, it is hoped that he has not forgotten the new Dramatic College, in the prosperity of which he seemed to take so much interest. Mr. Harley was seized with the mortal illness which carried him off, just after he had made his exit from the stage in the part of Launcelot Gobbo. It is, therefore, something more than a figure of speech to say that he died in Shaksperian harness. Almost the last words he spoke were a Shaksperian quotation very aptly put; for when one of his brother actors was assisting him off the stage, he said, in the words of Bottom, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." Mr. Harley's loss will be deeply felt by the many friends who loved and admired him, and, in this age of dearth of theatrical talent, the public can ill afford to lose so genuine and so sound an actor.

BACHE, Mr. F. E., a Birmingham musician of great promise, died in that town in his 24th year. The *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—"Mr. Bache, who was the son of the Rev. S. Bache, of this town, and had only reached his 24th year, had been gradually declining in health for some time, and, at least for the last two years, his life was preserved mainly by his residence in Algiers and Italy. Last winter he proceeded to Torquay, but did not derive the benefit he expected there, and he returned in the early summer, hoping, as he said, till another spring came round. A few weeks ago Mr. Bache gave a concert, almost exclusively constituted of his own compositions. He was then unable to perform, as announced; and we doubt if the excitement of being present did not hasten the inevitable event."

WAGNER, Mr., the celebrated Bavarian sculptor, died at Rome on the 10th instant.

DEBENHAM AND STORR'S.—Perhaps you would like to know what they are selling by auction at Debenham and Storr's this sultry July afternoon. I should very much like to know what they are not selling. Stay, to be just, I do not hear any landed estates or advowsons disposed of; you must go to the Auction Mart in Bartholomew Lane if you wish to be present at such ceremonies; and, furthermore, horses, as you know, are in general sold at Tattersall's, and carriages at Aldridge's repository in St. Martin's Lane. There are even auctioneers, I am told, in the neighbourhood of Wapping and Ratcliffe Highway, who bring lions and tigers, elephants and orangoutangs, to the hammer; and, finally, I must acquit the respectable firm, whose thronged sale-room I have edged myself into, of selling by auction such trifling matters as human flesh and blood. It is across the Atlantic that "lively niggers" fetch handsome prices. But from a chest of drawers to a box of dominoes, from a fur coat to a silver-mounted horsehair, from a carpenter's plane to a case of lancets, from a coil of rope to a silk neck-tie, from a dragon's helmet to a

lady's thimble, there seems scarcely an article of furniture or wearing apparel, of use or superfluity, that is not to be found here. Glance behind that counter running down the room, and somewhat similar to the narrow platform in a French *douane* where the luggage is deposited to be searched. The porters move about among a heterogeneous assemblage of conflicting articles of merchandise; the clerk who holds aloft the gun or the clock, or the sheaf of umbrellas, or whatever other article is purchased, hands it to the purchaser, when it is knocked down to him, with a confidential wink, if he knows and trusts that customer, with a brief reminder of "money," and an outstretched palm, signifying that a deposit in cash must be forthwith paid in case such customer be not known to him, or what will sometimes happen, better known than trusted. And high above all is the auctioneer in his pulpit, with his poised hammer, the Jupiter Tonans of the sale. And such a sale. Before I had been in the room a quarter of an hour, I witnessed the knocking down of at least twenty dress coats, and as many waistcoats and pairs of trousers, several dozen shirts, a box of silk handkerchiefs, two ditto of gloves, a roll of best Saxony broadcloth, a piece of Genoa velvet, six satin dresses, twelve boxes of artificial flowers, a couple of opera glasses, a set of ivory chessmen, eighteen pairs of patent leather boots—not made up—several complete sets of carpenter's tools, nine church services, richly bound, a carved oak cabinet, a French bedstead, a pair of China vases, a set of harness, three boxes of water colours, eight pairs of stays, a telescope, a box of cigars, an enamel miniature of Napoleon, a theodolite, a bronze candelabrum, a pocket compass, twenty-four double-barrelled fowling pieces (I quote *verbatim* and *seriatim* from the catalogue), a parrot cage, three dozen knives and forks, two plated toast-racks, a Turkey carpet, a fishing rod, winch, and eelspear by Cheek, a tent by Benjamin Edginton, two dozen sheepskin coats, a silver-mounted dressing-case, one of eau de Cologne, an uncut copy of Macaulay's "History of England," a cornet-a-piston, a bull in a stand, an eight day clock, two pairs of silver grape-scissors, a poah-painted screen, a papier-mâché work-box, an assortment of variegated floss-silk, seven German flutes, and ivory casket, two girandoles for wax candles, and ebony fan, five flat-irons, and an accordion.—"Twice Round the Clock," in the *Welcome Guest*.

A MODERN LONDON CLUB is the very looking-glass of the time; of the gay, glittering, polished, improved utilitarian, materialistic age. Nothing more can be done for a palace than the flitters-up of a modern club have done for it. The march of up-lifting intellect is there in its entirety. It must be almost bewildering to the modest half-pay captain or the raw young ensign, to the country clergyman, the bookworm fellow of his college, or the son of the country squire. He has a joint-stock proprietorship in all this splendour; in the lofty halls and vestibules; in the library, coffee-rooms, newspaper and card-rooms; in the secretary's office in the basement, and in the urbane secretary himself; in the kitchen, fitted with every means and appliance, every refinement of culinary splendour, and from whence are supplied to him at cost prices dishes that would make Lucullus wild with envy, and that are cooked for him, besides, by the great chef from Paris, Monsieur Nini Casseroles, who has a piano and a picture-gallery in the kitchen; belongs, himself, to a club little less aristocratic than his own, and writes his bills of fare upon lace-edged note paper. From the gorgeous footmen in plush and silk-covered calves, which the flunkies of duchesses could scarcely rival, to the little foot-page in buttons; from the letter-racks to the French-polished peg on which he hangs his hat in the hall; from the books in the library to the silver spoons in the plate basket; from the encaustic tile on the pavement of the hall to the topmost turreted chimney-pot, he has a vested interest in all. He cannot waste, he cannot alienate, it is true; he can but enjoy. Do you know that a man may drink wines at his club, such as, were he to order them at an hotel, the head waiter would hold up his hands at the extravagance of the order, or else imagine that he had Rothschild or Mr. Roupell dining in No. 4 box; nay, might perchance run round to the chambermaid to ask how much luggage the gentleman had. Rare Ports, that cannot be looked at without winking—wondrous bitter Sherries—strange yellow Rhine wines, that gurgle in the glass when poured out—Claret that has made bankrupt the proprietors of the *signobles* who grew them, or else sent them mad to think their stock was out—indescribable Cognacs—Maraschinos and Curaçoes that filtrate like rich oil—all these are stored by special wine-merchants in the cellars of the club. The chief butler himself, a prince among the winepots, goes forth jauntily to crack sales, and purchases, standing, the collections of cunning amateurs in wines. You shall smoke such cigars at a club as would make Senor Cabanas himself wonder where they were purchased. Everything is of the best, and everything is cheap; only the terms are, as the cheap tailors say, "for ready money." Tick is the exception, not the rule, at a club; though there have been Irish members who have run goodly scores in their time with the cook and the waiter.—"Twice Round the Clock" in the *Welcome Guest*.

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permanently restores grey hair to its original colour,
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potency for good, while they cannot do harm. A child might
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allment in the world an evil. By reducing the superfluous
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and by continuing its use only a short time the skin will
become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion
brilliantly clear and beautiful. Sold in bottles, price 2*s*. 9*d*.
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TO the NERVOUS and DEBILITATED.

—CHARLES WATSON, M.D. (Fellow and Honorary
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Resident Physician to the Bedford Dispensary, Curres, Mem-
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Review, July 1858.

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MR. BRADSHAW'S new invention. They are so beautifully
natural, that it is utterly impossible for the most practised eye
to detect, in any light, the artificiality; and the peculiar
process of making, every little irregularity in the gums is
fitted with the most unerring accuracy, allowing the teeth to
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the mouth. They never change colour, mastication is guar-
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